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53 Short's Gardens, Drury Lane, London, W.C. 2

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH, 1930

Correspondence

Blasphemy

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—Where are we going to? On January 24, the House of Commons discussed and passed the Second Reading of a measure to legalise Blasphemy. "After the passing of this Act (Blasphemy Laws Amendment) no criminal proceedings shall be instituted in any Court against any person for Schism, Heresy, Blasphemy, Blasphemous libel or Atheism."

This Bill was moved by Mr. Thurtle, the Labour member for Shoreditch, and seconded by Dr. Salter, the Labour member for Bermondsey West, and 7 other Labour members spoke in support of the Bill, including the Home Secretary, Mr. Clynes, and the First Commissioner of Works, Mr. Lansbury, and two Liberals, Mr. Foot, Member for Bodmin, and Mr. K. Griffiths, Member for Middlesbrough West. The ultimate division showed 131 for the measure and only 77 against it.

What is the inference to be drawn from such a decision? What is the impression created where, in a professedly Christian country, only one-third of its elected representatives betrayed sufficient interest in the issue to record votes for or against the measure; while of those who voted, the verdict recorded in favour of a measure to "legalize blasphemy" was approximately two to one?

I do not propose to argue the pros and cons of the measure—these were debated in the House on an almost purely material basis—it is the psychology of the proposal which must fill every professing Christian with despair. Most of the arguments advanced, both for and against, were wholly unworthy of the cause. The mover urged that "if this Bill were passed, religion would be in precisely the same position as any other matter about which people felt deeply." Dr. Salter, a member of the "Society of Friends," in seconding the motion,

urged quite erroneously that the laws against blasphemy were "a standing insult to those Christians who did not share the views of the Established Church." Another member claimed that "the bill did not raise an important issue."

In opposing the measure, Lord Eustace Percy urged that its adoption "would be an announcement that the House regarded the question of the source of human authority and life as irrelevant and unimportant."

This is the real issue that the House of Commons was asked to face, and a miserable and pitiable exhibition of cowardice or indifference was the result.

If it had convictions, it ran away from them; if it had principles, it denied them. There stands in history, in the action of St. Peter, a very eminent example of the denial of Christ; nearly twenty Centuries later, the chosen representatives of a nation holding the responsible position of a bulwark of the Christian faith have thought fit to follow this example and gratuitously to relieve from all existing pains and penalties those who think fit to indulge in public blasphemy.

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We may well ask: "What is the true motive behind this measure?" In whose interest is it promoted? Who are the men who initiated the movement? Was it cowardice or indifference which led to its adoption by a large majority in an English House of Commons, professedly representative of a Christian people, and whither is it leading?

Yours truly,

V. A. MALCOLMSON.

Aston Bury, Stevenage.

27th January, 1930.

Proportional Representation

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter of Mr. J. E. Webster in the February issue raises a number of very interesting questions affecting representative government in large modern States. It would be impossible fully to examine them in the space of a letter, but I should be glad if you would permit me some comments on the influence of electoral systems upon party organization.

It is beyond dispute that since 1885, when the large territorial constituencies (still to a great extent corresponding to natural and administrative divisions) were broken up into single-member constituencies, party discipline has greatly hardened, and a free vote in the House of Commons on any important issue is now practically unknown. Parties, inasmuch as they represent combined action of those who share similar views, are perhaps an inevitable part of the organization of a large democratic state. Something could doubtless be done to mitigate the present conditions under which, if any party has a clear majority in the House of Commons, the results of most debates are a foregone conclusion. But the electoral system itself, the single-member constituency, is an important factor in the strengthening of party rigidity, as it lends itself to the greatest possible pressure being brought to bear upon any member of a party who is not amenable to the party Whip.

The system of proportional representation proposed in this country (the single transferable vote system) would tend, contrary to the belief of your correspondent, to promote freer conditions. There are no party tickets, as under most Continental systems of proportional representation; voters are perfectly free to make their choice among the candidates offered, and by their preferences they can distinguish between the merits of the candidates of their own party. The opportunity for the election of the "man of understanding and high principle" is therefore increased. There would



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be opportunity for the election of independents of merit, but probably a more important influence would be the return of a greater number of independent-minded members who would remain in association with their party.

As a general rule, in political elections under the single transferable vote system, voting follows party lines. Voters can, however, if they choose, endeavour to secure the return of the best candidates irrespective of party. For example, in the elections of the Irish Free State, in County Dublin, in June 1927, a considerable number of voters who gave their first preferences to Kevin O'Higgins, the leading candidate of the Irish Government Party, supported with their second preferences other candidates not belonging to the Government party, but the value of whose work they desired to recognize. The single transferable vote gives to the elector a freedom of choice among all the candidates.

Yours truly,

JOHN H. HUMPHREYS.

Secretary, Proportional Representation Society.

32, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

MARCH, 1930.

Current Comments

It is useless to comment at length on the Naval Conference. It is enough to say that the anticipations of all close observers are being fulfilled. The

The Naval Conference

attempt to define quite arbitrarily the requirements of the United States, to fit our own quite different requirements within limits of tonnages and categories thus arrived at, and then to induce Japan and France to accept a percentage of this arbitrary standard fleet as their own maximum was bound to fail. It had no moral basis and no practical advantage except possibly to the United States, who stood to gain out of the Conference their approximate needs with the dubious satisfaction of having imposed on the rest of the world a series of limitations possibly impairing their efficiency and even prejudicial to their security. The test, as we said last month, of the sincerity of the negotiators lies in their willingness to reduce drastically the maximum size of ships, and so to effect an immediate relief for the taxpayers of all nations. This test has yet to be fulfilled, but there is still, perhaps, room for hope.

THE gestures of our own Government in cancelling not less than four cruisers appear to have been quite useless in inducing France to moderate her demands for tonnage. No wonder, since her demands are related, not to the strength of our fleet but to the strength of the other Continental powers. It has been equally lost on the Americans, who appear to have responded by a suggestion that we should also scrap some of our existing battleships. Thus does one good turn produce another. The serious danger of the moment is that the Conference may result in increasing the size

Mr. MacDonald's Gestures

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

of the American Navy; Mr. Stimson's faith in the Kellogg Pact and in our own good intentions does not appear to be such as will allow him to contemplate anything but an overwhelming superiority in ships and guns over France, Italy and Japan. France's reply to this attitude is quite clear: "If you really want such a measure of superiority, we don't mind," she says in effect, "but you must pay for it in money: you can't expect us to arrange it for you on the cheap by contenting ourselves with an out-of-date fleet quite disproportionate to our responsibilities." As usual, the Press are busy with the fiction of France as an aggressor. Actually, France has laid down fewer new ships since 1914 than any other Power, besides reducing her army by two-thirds. Meanwhile American Naval and Military establishments are more than double those of 1914. Why are these facts concealed?

WE welcome, unreservedly, the protest by the heads of the Christian Churches against the religious persecutions in Russia. The issues involved are still wholly misunderstood in this country. It

The Russian Persecutions

is not a question of attacks on organized religion but on the culture and morality of our whole society. The attack is spreading to other lands and will succeed as a whole or fail as a whole. Secularism is a half-way house which is built on the sand. The "new morality," the "new thought," the "new art" and the "new truth" may be fine things or vile things. That is, for people of a certain adolescent mentality, an apparently open question. But even a child, or a politician, can surely see that between these new philosophies and the old there can be no compromise. They rest on fundamentally different assumptions regarding the nature of man and his potentialities. They demand for their realization a wholly different *corpus* of institutions and habits. The present Russian Government understand this. Unfortunately our Press does not, and while attacking the Russian economic system and defending the rights of property and personal freedom over here, opens its columns to almost daily attacks on the institution of the family, to pleas for secularism in

CURRENT COMMENTS

politics, and to expositions of the philosophy of the perfectibility of man. This folly must be stopped if it is not to overrun us. . . . We shall return to the subject in our next issue.

Two facts are now clear about the political situation. The first is that there will almost certainly be an election

Policies and Parties

this year, and the second is, that if there is an election, the fiscal question will be the dominating issue. There are now three policies in the field. Safeguarding as newly defined by Mr. Baldwin; Imperial Free Trade as defined by Lord Beaverbrook, and Orthodox Free Trade as preached by the Labour Party and supported by the Liberals. We do not regard these policies as of equal importance. Imperial Free Trade we regard as an ideal for which there is much to be said, but which should not, except as an ideal, enter in the field of practical politics. The new party will either be a fiasco or will lead to the return of a Free Trade majority in the Commons regardless of the wishes of the majority of electors. The only possible alternative governments are those of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Mr. Baldwin's policy has been attacked as inconclusive and weak. We believe this view to be mistaken. We believe, on the contrary, that his views are those of nine practical men out of ten. We propose to state the case for his policy as we see it, in the light of sound economic theory, on the one hand, and the political facts of modern politics on the other.

THE Free Trader looks at a world impoverished by war, crippled by foolish restraints on the normal ebb and flow of commerce, and points out cogently that the maximum of production is necessary if the world is to attain to the maximum of wealth. He goes on to show, equally cogently, that a maximum world

The Free Trade Case

output of consumable goods can only be reached if each nation produces what it is most fitted by its natural resources and racial gifts to produce. The Englishman, the Free Trader continues, living in a coal-producing island off the mouth of the Rhine, is pre-eminently fitted to

THE [ENGLISH] REVIEW

produce and to supply the world with coal, iron, steel, and ships, while climatic conditions make the North of England particularly suitable for textile manufacture. The world as a whole will therefore be richer if the English concentrate on these manufacturing industries, for which their power resources, their inherited aptitude, their railway system, their ports and their shipping facilities specially fit them to supply the world. Equally, so the argument runs, the world will be poorer if any large quantity of productive energy is transferred from the industries to agriculture, where the output per head and per unit of horse power, or per £100 of capital, can never equal that attained in Australia, Canada or the Argentine.

So much for premises on which the Free Trade case is based. It follows, according to the Free Trader, that the

**The Free
Trade View
of Empire**

only permanent cure for the general depression which is being experienced to-day, not only in England but in Central and Southern Europe, in Australia, and (contrary to popular belief) in the United States, is a lowering of tariff barriers, and progressive development of free exchange of goods. It is along these lines that Sir Herbert Samuel attacks the Beaverbrook scheme for a tariff ring round our Crown Colonies and Protectorates. These territories, says Sir Herbert, buy their raw materials to-day where they can get them cheapest. The effect of a tariff must be, in so far as there is any effect, to force them to buy more dearly, and thus to make them poorer. Nor is he slow to point out that such a result might have disastrous political consequences.

So much for the Free Trade case. It is essential for those who, like the writer, are wholeheartedly in favour

**The Evil of
Tariffs**

of an immediate and substantial modification of the Tariff policy to understand the Free Trade case and to give it proper weight. *There is and can be no answer to the theoretical case for Free Trade.* All tariffs are so many weapons turned on the consumer to force him to buy either something which he regards as second-best, or else the same article at a higher price. In either case

CURRENT COMMENTS

the result is to impoverish the consumer, *in the absence of some counterbalancing advantage*. It is on establishment and the elucidation of these counterbalancing advantages that the case for safeguarding depends. Properly argued, the case is irresistible; argued on old-fashioned Protectionist grounds it is certain of defeat.

SAFEGUARDERS must start by realizing that it is the high price of British goods, not the low price of foreign competitive goods, which is the economic evil. A rise in the world-level of prices merely means a fall in the world standard of living. Whatever the general level, that country is most prosperous where prices are lowest. The cardinal aim and justification of safeguarding must thus be a reduction not only in the price of safeguarded goods but of all goods. The case for safeguarding lies in this: that the cause of unemployment to-day is our inability to produce goods at the world's prices; that the causes of this inability are not mainly economic but political and social, that all these causes can be countered by safeguarding *and that they cannot be effectively countered by other means*.

WE are unable to produce sufficient goods at the world's prices to-day for the following reasons:—

The Cause of the Present Depression

(i) We have been forced by our politicians, in their pursuit of votes, to consume per head of the working population more than the value of the goods we produce (the equation is balanced by the growing volume of unemployment). The result has been a growing burden of overhead charges on industry.

(ii) Faced with the growing burden of taxation and (because of unemployment) with a diminishing home market, our basic industries cannot, even at prohibitive rates, get the necessary capital to re-equip their works.

(iii) The industrialization of the East has provided us with new trade rivals equipped with a supply of cheap labour.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

(iv) The stabilization of the Belgian and French franc at a depreciated level and the collapse of the old German currency have provided our chief Continental rivals with the chance of re-capitalizing their industries without burdening themselves with excessive overhead charges.

The upshot of the whole matter is that half the world no longer wants our goods and the other half of the world can no longer afford them.

It is unnecessary to examine in detail these reasons for our present industrial depression; a word, however,

Where Free
Trade Fails

must be said on the major evil of over-consumption, with the attendant consequence of under-consumption by an unhappily growing class of unemployed, because this evil is symptomatic of the *practical* failure of Free Trade. In a free labour market this evil would adjust itself automatically. It would do so by means of a general fall in money wages leading to a fall in prices and so almost at once to an equivalence in real wages and ultimately to an increase in real wages. This process, painful though it often is, since the fall in wages usually, though by no means always, precedes the fall in prices, is the natural remedy for unemployment. To-day, however, the pure milk of Free Trade economics is as futile when applied to labour as to other commodities. In the first place, the political conditions make it impossible to imagine that any general fall in money wages (even if it could be certain that it would not mean a fall in real wages) could be carried through without widespread unrest; the confidence and security necessary for re-capitalizing our industries could not therefore be secured even with the official support of labour, while such official support could hardly be expected. In the second place, no one can be certain that a fall in money wages would not mean a fall in real wages, since the Eastern market, at least for textiles, partly for other goods, is permanently lost, while the lower overheads of Belgium France and Germany mean that even a reduction of our money wages to the Continental level would leave our producers in an unfavourable position.

CURRENT COMMENTS

It is, of course, for these reasons that every ordinarily intelligent person has been forced to the conclusion that *laissez-faire*, which is the political policy logically derived from Free Trade economics, can do absolutely nothing to cure unemployment. We have, on the one hand, Mr. Lloyd George advocating a policy of inflationary expenditure on non-consumable goods of dubious economic value, and, on the other hand, we have Mr. Ramsay MacDonald advocating nationalization, science, and management as mysterious abstract forces which will enable us to produce more and so to go on consuming as at present, or, still more mysteriously, to continue to consume more than we produce. The Free Traders, indeed, are as convinced as anyone else that facts are facts and that some form of direct Government assistance and stimulus or control of industry is essential. Yet one form of Government interference is, as much as another, a violation of the principles of Free Trade. In other words, it is admitted, even by Free Traders, that Free Trade has broken down.

THIS, then, is the *prima facie* case for safeguarding. We base it on the admissions of the Free Traders themselves.

We are faced with a situation which demands not the long but the near view. To exclude by prohibitive duties a large proportion of foreign manufactured goods from coming into this country must eventually, it is true, lead to a fall in our exports. But such a fall not only will not, but *cannot* be immediate. The increase in employment here, on the other hand, is bound to be immediate, and this is the urgent need. For only when this country has regained the habit of prosperity, the confidence and the courage that come from improving trade, can any party finally call a halt to non-contributory pensions and the whole evil procedure of direct relief of the poor by the rich which have been forced on us by the circumstances of the times. An immediate increase in employment, by means however drastic, will have other unexpected results. Spendthrift policies are born of bad, not good, trade. In an era of

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

prosperity it would be impossible for any party to carry through the Bill for raising the school age to fifteen, let alone sixteen. The mass of the people would not want it, and no Government would dare risk upsetting our restored prosperity for a sudden imposition of taxation.

WHEN we turn to the second main cause of our present deficiency as an exporting country—out-of-date plant and equipment and the lack of financial

The Financial resources—the case for safeguarding is **Advantages** equally overwhelming. The re-capitalization of our industries can only be carried

through by means of heavy sacrifices such as have been made by the pre-war debenture and bond holders in the French, Belgian, Italian, and German industries. Further, a long period of steady production must be reasonably foreseen if the fresh capital is to be forthcoming. A measure of safeguarding for the heavy industries is the only measure which can meet all the necessities of this case. In present conditions, with crushing taxation liable to crushing increases to meet the evils it has created there is no temptation for shareholders to cut their losses or for banks to lend more capital. What, however, is even more to the point, a Government which can only promise assistance to industry in the form of higher taxes and further legislation in restraint of production cannot exercise any pressure on those industries (and they are not the least important) which are dominated by reactionary, inefficient, or sectionally minded leaders.

CONTRAST for a moment the results which would follow from the Lloyd George policy of creating employment by an immense expenditure out of loans on so-called public works like roads and tele-

Safeguarding phones and land drainage. The inevitable **Contrasted** —even if not indefinite—inflation which **with the** would result would, by raising prices, bring **Liberal Policy** a demand for higher wages. To meet the interest on the loans and the vast cost

of administration, higher taxation would be inevitable. Finally, so far from men being drawn back from direct dependence on the State into the normal channels of employment, precisely the opposite would happen.

CURRENT COMMENTS

The half-time textile operator would become the whole-time road-maker. I have never agreed, nor has any serious-minded man, except possibly Mr. Keynes, whose words were capable of two interpretations, that Mr. Lloyd George's schemes were even ultimately productive in the economic sense. I do not believe, in other words, that at any time, however distant, the vast expenditure which he proposed would lead to any equivalent increase in the supply of consumable goods. But even if this were, for the sake of argument, admitted, the scheme would stand condemned because the immediate effect must be, and could only be, to increase production costs in our basic industries and to impair still further the confidence of the financial interests in their future and so to postpone to a still later date their necessary reorganization.

LET us look now at the other causes of our present deficiencies and see how these also are political, not economic, and how they can be remedied by safeguarding but not otherwise. The entry of the industrialized East into competition with the West may not be a permanently adverse factor. Ultimately, if Eastern human nature is like Western, the producers will desire to become consumers on the same scale. But at present they do not. And until they do, European manufacturers, paying four or five times as much in wages, cannot compete except in quality goods. The only possible answer so far as our textile industries are concerned is to reconstruct them on the firm basis of an assured home market for such goods. We have got to face a series of special conditions arising out of the political and social conditions of certain Eastern peoples. Ultimately, assuming no special political conditions supervene in the East, the economic balance will assert itself, and what we lose by selling cotton goods in the East we shall gain by an increasing demand for other commodities. But we have got to meet the interim period. It may last fifty years and we have got to live in the meanwhile.

THE ENGLISH REVIEW

WE reach a position which can be briefly summarized as follows. Without tariff manipulations we cannot effect an *immediate* increase in employment and *at the same time* facilitate the re-organization of our industries and lessen the burden of taxation. No form of tariff manipulation can defeat the working of economic laws. We have got to bring our production costs down, to increase our output or to diminish our consumption if we are to maintain our present population in full employment. But without manipulating our tariffs we cannot, *at this present time and under existing political conditions at home and abroad*, take the steps necessary to reduce our production costs. We have to decrease taxation, to re-capitalize our industries, to reduce the deadweight of prior charges on them and to help the textile industries to adjust themselves to permanently changed conditions. Without a free hand in regard to tariffs no government can do any of these things.

So far from Mr. Baldwin's request for a "free hand" being a sign of weakness, it is a sign that he understands the essentials of the case. A general tariff would not merely be ineffective in reducing unemployment, but it might actually increase it. We can, however, see no answer to the case for safeguarding as a *political* weapon to counter the *political* obstacles to our industrial reconstruction—and in saying this we do not exclude the use of tariffs as an instrument for securing tariff reductions from other countries—and it is because Mr. Baldwin recognizes this value, and its limitations, that we support him. The haphazard imposition of tariffs can only lead to higher prices for the consumer. Their imposition in special cases, and where the counterbalancing advantages are established, is quite another matter. We want to see the fiscal issue removed from the arena of party politics, to see each industry treated on its merits, and to see reorganization and re-equipment made a condition of assistance. Anything less is futile ; anything more is foolish.

CURRENT COMMENTS

THE case for Empire Free Trade is not to be lightly dismissed. It must be remembered, however, that it

Lord Beaverbrook's Party has yet to secure real backing from the Dominions, and that political objections from our Crown Colonies cannot be overruled from Whitehall. Much can be done

by taking each industry separately, and working out in conjunction with the Dominions and Colonies a mutually profitable policy. Nothing can be done by mobilizing the suburbs and the agricultural interests in support of a new party pledged to a policy which cannot be carried through and which can only expect to be supported by sectional interests. The challenge of the popular press to the perhaps undemocratic leadership of the Conservative Party is not an unhealthy sign, but the attempt to form a new party, equally undemocratic, and apparently indifferent to all political issues save one, is in our view calculated to stifle the growth of independent thinking among Conservatives.

As to the merits of the policy, two things must be said clearly. The first is that the grave evils of to-day are moral and social, not economic. The feverish search for panaceas is a symptom

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of a deep-seated sickness in the mind of our time, and Lord Beaverbrook's panacea has, seen in this light, no greater merit than Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's. The second thing which must be said is this: If the Empire market is to be won, it must be won on its merits. We must be able to produce at the world's prices before we can claim a monopoly against the world in any part of the Dominions. The essential problem is thus the re-creation of our own industrial supremacy. Anything which assists that assists the cause of Empire Free Trade. Anything which hinders that hinders Empire Free Trade. The idea that prosperity can be assured by the simple method of selling dear motor-cars to the Dominions in return for a promise to give them a monopoly of our custom for wheat is mere bedlam economics. Lord Beaverbrook, of course, knows this well, but some of his supporters in the suburbs apparently do not.

DOUGLAS JERROLD

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

Political Unrest.—"Qu'il va à la chasse perd sa place" seems to be a proverb specially devised as a warning to French Prime Ministers who absent themselves from their country on their country's business. M. Tardieu, who but a few weeks ago seemed to have the ball at his feet, is beginning to discover since he took a cross-Channel season-ticket that all is not quite easy going.

There are many outward signs of this political unrest. The deep-seated cause of it, paradoxical though it sounds, lies in the comparative prosperity of public finance. In those dark days of financial panic when Parliament accepted with the resignation of despair a positive deluge of fresh taxation, a form of more or less disguised Coalition Government was created which persists in its main lines to-day.

Dealing with a Surplus.—Then, in 1926, the public coffers were empty and drastic measures were necessary to stave off bankruptcy. Those measures were adopted and M. Poincaré promised that they should only be of an emergency nature and that, immediately public finance justified reductions, such abatements would immediately be put into effect. It cannot be denied that M. Poincaré's vigour in stabilizing the franc and balancing the budget has brought about a changed situation. There is money in the treasury and there are surplus budgets. Robbing Peter to pay Paul is the whole art of politics in most countries of the world, and the French politician can think of no other thing to do with accumulated budget surpluses than to distribute the money in a profitable manner among the right people, from the electioneering point of view, either in the shape of reduced taxation or fresh expenditure.

A prominent Socialist acquaintance of mine inherited some years ago a considerable fortune. Being young and enthusiastic, he consulted a few of his friends as to what he could best do with his money. One urged him to start a Labour paper, another suggested financing a great inquiry into the whole social life of Britain, a third

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suggested that he might spend it on education, and I think it was Bernard Shaw who said to him, "My boy, you had better keep your money. You may need it one of these days."

A Financial Policy.—M. Cheron, the Minister of Finance, is being urged by M. Poincaré and other austere financial experts to follow Bernard Shaw's advice and protect his funds against the political raiders so as to be able to devote as much money as possible to the reduction of the very heavy national debt. Unfortunately, the Government has been caught without any very definite financial policy as to the disposal of its accumulations. Taxation relief has already been granted, but in bits and scraps, the total of which is important yet not sufficient to satisfy the appetite of a single one of the political pack of wolves behind or to have any effect upon the general cost of living, which steadily increases. On the other hand, heavy fresh expenditure has been sanctioned, some of it essential, such as that for the fortification of the Eastern frontiers, and some of it, such as that on M. Loucheur's Social Insurance Law, turning what was originally intended to be a work of co-operative thrift between employer and employed into a State-aided and therefore extremely expensive machine.

Paris Art.—I was reading again the other day the somewhat old-fashioned articles written by Heinrich Heine on art in Paris. They admirably reflect the views of a man of taste and discernment upon the products of a period when French art was painted by Frenchmen who were neither very great, nor very small, but who above all were not very noisy and had the modesty to admit that the art of painting was not entirely confined to France and in France to Paris. Indeed, the young student who won a Prix de Rome felt a just pride in his achievement and looked forward with intense enthusiasm to the prospect of studying at close quarters the art of a country which introduced art into France. Nowadays, the man who wins a Prix de Rome is the subject of pity among his contemporaries in the "art" centre (or should I spell it "center"?) of Montparnasse with its American bars, jazz bands, charabanc trips and tourists seeing "artistic Paris by Night."

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Parochial Prejudices.—There are reasons for this pity other than those of passing jealousy. The prize winner will have to spend a lot of boring time learning that art is long and is connected with other matters than the crude expression of crude emotions; and that it is to a certain extent dependent upon a knowledge of life, tradition, drawing and even craftsmanship. Such things, alas, do not flourish too luxuriantly along the Seine in these days and the art student is not invited to consider the advisability of seeking for them elsewhere. It is difficult to explain the narrow parochialism of Paris with regard to art. Fujita and van Dongen are cherished residents of Paris and are looked upon as being "vrais Parisiens" and acclaimed by a frequently venal critical chorus as great artists to a people which has, except among a cultured few, never heard of the existence of Romney, Raeburn, Constable, Lawrence, Gainsborough, Crome, or even perhaps of Turner, although he was in a way the father of what is known as French impressionism. John, Orpen and Lavery might be the names of potted meats for all the Parisian public is allowed to read or see.

No Foreigners!—The use of the word "nationalism" in connection with painting is obvious nonsense. The appeal of painting is perhaps more international than that of music or even of the silent film. Yet the Parisian critics have made of the matter perhaps not so much a national as a parish pump affair, and any foreign artist who cannot find a French derivative for his work will start with a handicap when he starts showing in Paris.

The last exhibition of Dutch masters in Paris was not, it is true, as comprehensive as that staged at Burlington House, but the attention given to it by the Press and therefore by the public was practically negligible. London undoubtedly is a better and more appreciative host for the masters of the past than is Paris, and one wonders what would be the fate of an exhibition of some of the great English painters, supposing any millionaire were to be found optimistic and patriotic enough to arrange one in Paris.

Conservative Prospects

By W. J. O'Donovan, M.D.

(Prospective Candidate)

ALL my working life has been spent in town, so that what I have to say bears no relation whatever to the organization or prospects of the Conservative Party in country districts. The majority of English voters are town-dwellers, this country is an industrial country; if its teeming millions are to have any future, save starvation, gradual or rapid, revolution and plague, then its policy must, of necessity, be moulded upon the needs of a population organized for industry, skilled in industry, and in danger of death without industrial occupation.

For twenty years the Labour Party has preached its policy at dock gates, open spaces, and street corners. The militant Socialist, preaching his theory with the enthusiasm of an early religion, has grown old and mellow with time, but the millions of words he has uttered on his life's journey have, here and there, fallen into receptive ears, so that, whilst he himself has become less of a Socialist, the public, without being in any way convinced or converted to a Socialist theory of life, have become tolerant of the idea that Socialist or Labour politicians should be allowed to function in English government. It is a permanent fact in human nature that the human mind and body possess an almost inexhaustible tolerance. Suicide shocked us in our youth, but it is hardly of news value to-day; divorce horrified our mothers, and is a source of income to a portion of the English bar to-day; sudden death is prayed against, but the newspapers need a bus-load of road deaths to support a headline. In the same way, without in any way giving a full interior assent, the public mind has been familiarized with the idea that a man, having got over the initial difficulty of his birth, has a right to maintenance for himself and family on a level, if anything a shade higher, with that of his brother who submits to the curse of Adam, work.

Yet, by the inscrutable designs of fate, the vote has

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been given to everyone. A gun is not given to a boy without most careful instruction as to its care and use. A scalpel is not given to a raw medical student; it is withheld from him for many years; yet the destinies of the British Empire, the control of England's trade, finance, and foreign relations are put, without question, into the hands of everyone who, with the help of the School Medical Service, has attained the age of twenty-one with the use of reason. Believing, as I do, that the Conservative instinct represents a law of nature, and that it is given to every man as an aid to right thought for the conservation of his family and of his traditions, I am deeply concerned as to how this natural Conservative instinct can be called forth from the majority of industrial workers, for their good and their country's betterment. In the first instance, an appeal must be made to the racial instinct. Sinn Fein won through in Ireland because it appealed to race-consciousness. The Conservative Party must be conspicuously English, and in no sense cosmopolitan, to pull at the heartstrings of the English people. Foreign affairs are the province of the Foreign Secretary, but the English Government should, in the public eye, obviously and continuously concern itself with the well-being of the English family. Secondly, the Party, although it may sound a little pharisaical, must purge itself of public wrongdoers. The English workman and working woman are thoroughly decent and, on the whole, chaste-living, honest folk. Hence, those who have made great fortunes by speculation, those whose lives bear some relation to Henry VIII's, and those so subtle that they can argue with equal facility for and against any possible proposition make no personal appeal to the industrial English elector.

How not to do it can be portrayed by an example that almost every candidate can reproduce. After losing an election the last candidate disappeared. A successor was greatly recommended by the head office, approved by deputations from the local Conservative Association, and everything appeared to be in good going order for another onslaught upon a Labour seat. The candidate, however, had an inquiring turn of mind,

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and within a few weeks he became possessed of the following information: First, that every poor woman made a widow had a friend who sought the prospective candidate's financial help at once. Secondly, that every local athletic club, band and outing considered him an amiable uncle from whom subscriptions, silver cups and hospitality were to be expected as by right. Then the large commodious premises in which, for many years, the Conservative Party had met, and in which the Conservative club had played billiards and drunk beer, finished its lease. No funds had been accumulated against its renewal; the furniture was sold by the club before its dissolution, and a bill of some thousands of pounds for dilapidations had to be shouldered by an unfortunate trustee. The candidate was then not asked, but pressed, to take on this derelict building, to refurnish it, to guarantee its rent and rates, the salary of its attendant, its repairs, and to alter it according to the requirements of the local by-laws to make it fit for public concerts. As this proposal most naturally and properly failed to fructify, the local officials then met and decided that a house should be bought—at whose expense? The annual subscriptions of the association amounted to between £20 and £30. There were no other promises in the offing from the large business men in the area. Obviously, the only person to purchase this house could be the prospective candidate. At any time the officials might disapprove of a prospective candidate, at any time a prospective candidate may disapprove of the local association, but the house would then be built and furnished as a Conservative local headquarters.

At any rate, a local Conservative leader should have an army to lead. In the local Labour Party one agent manages the Parliamentary, the County Council, the Borough Council, and the Guardians' elections, but in the Conservative Party the army is split up and the parliamentary agent is not responsible for municipal management, much as his advice and co-operation may be valued. The municipal candidates who are successful are not responsible to the Conservative agent or the Conservative Party. Hence, there may be a hierarchy of Conservative representatives who never meet, whose

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interests are not interlocked, and the fighting machine does not respond to the hand of a master-captain. This is deplorably bad. This system should never have been allowed to grow up. With clear-sightedness the Labour Party have renounced it, and it is time that the Conservative Party fought every little election with every weapon in its armoury and every form of strategy known to its ablest political fighters.

Although thousands of pounds may be spent by a rich candidate in an industrial constituency, this outlay is not received with gratitude or appreciation. The poor voter will come to concerts and parties, he will touch his hat and cheer vociferously, but, in a strange English manner, he will accept a ride in your motor-car and vote independently. The Conservative candidate, if he is to be successful, must not come down from above to secure the votes of his people, but he must, contrariwise, be the people's candidate, and he must be their man. By this I mean that the local association is more important than the candidate, that the association should have a full and complete life of its own, and be in no sense dependent upon the candidate's purse or personality. As Sunday by Sunday or weekday by weekday a Labour enthusiast walks down the street and collects twopences for Red Robin, there must, too, be a Conservative enthusiast walking down the same street, preferably at the same time, also collecting twopences for Blue William. If the Labour Party, from their slender local resources, build a Labour club in the main street, the Conservative Party must do likewise, in a similarly democratic manner, or the party inevitably goes under. In industrial England the Conservative Party, as a rich man's party, has no future. The poor do not worship wealth. The fact that a candidate is rich appeals only to the professional hangers-on, who crowd round the local offices for favours and gifts in kind. Meetings are almost futile. When the election fever begins to rise, the uneducated can see in a meeting only an occasion for noisy disagreement, the candidate wears out his lungs and wastes valuable time. Moreover, the electorate is now so vast that not a tithe of the voters, from one polling day to another, ever enter a meeting hall. Out-

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door meetings should be encouraged and only those young Conservatives who give up their time to steadying the body politic by devoted service at open meetings, year in and year out, should receive encouragement and promotion to municipal representation. The help of the rich publican, the rich shopkeeper, the rich farmer, is invaluable but unless, in addition, they work for the good of the political machine, their presence on the benches of the Borough Council blocks the prospects of tireless and enthusiastic political workers. Elections of the future will be won "on the knocker," and candidates must work at their constituencies for years, not appear for adoption a short time before the election. A Labour candidate who has been sitting for years has a vested interest, and is not to be easily dislodged, but death and disease will one day knock at his door, and his succession will go to a candidate who has persisted, after many rebuffs, in political work in that Labour constituency. For twenty years the Labour Party worked to convert constituencies to Labour. For twenty years the work must be carried on to convert them back from the errors of Socialistic hypnotism. To work and fight in a lost constituency must be held as meritorious in the party as to win a Conservative election in a prosperous Conservative borough. Moreover, unless this work is initiated in the seats that are held by the party, they, too, in time will fall; not because human nature has changed, not because Conservatism is not the natural instinct of the British people, but because the other party, by years of organization and work, have made the ear of the public tolerant of false and subversive political ideas. If the true note is sounded, the discord of Mr. MacDonald's theories will be then apparent. Party agents must work between elections and must keep office hours. A candidate by now should be adopted for every post in every constituency, canvassing should start forthwith, and a battle should be joined at every doorstep, now, and not at an uncertain time in the future at the convenience of Lossiemouth.

Millennium or Mirage ?

By W. G. Carlton Hall

IN the early days of the Fabian Society an Oxford undergraduate accounted for his Socialistic theories by his belief in "the infinite perfectibility of human nature." The phrase does not seem to have passed into common use; but it expresses very accurately and concisely the apparent basis of the view on international relations which is fashionable at the moment, and may be called "League of Nations Unionism." We are told that the "World War" was the first of its kind in history—which is more or less true; and that such a catastrophe is likely to be followed by a "constructive period" in which the world will be reorganized on a basis which rules out war as a means of settling differences, and substitutes the methods of law, arbitration, and round-table conferences. And as proof of this fundamental change which is supposed to be taking place in human nature, we are invited to gaze upon the League of Nations; the change in the constitution of the British Empire brought about by the Imperial Conference of 1926; and, last but not least, the Naval Conference now in progress. In the eyes of those who hold these opinions, the Imperial Conference has not, as the unregenerate might suppose, undermined the unity of the Empire by a definition of "Dominion status" which is hardly distinguishable from complete independence. On the contrary, it has strengthened it by a new bond of loyalty, not to the person of the Sovereign, but to the Crown as "a Symbol"—of what, precisely, does not appear. And in particular this definition has "solved" the Irish question by bringing the Irish Free State into this bond of loyalty; though they omit to mention that in this case the loyalty is shown by flying the former rebel flag in place of the Union Jack; by removing the King's head from the coinage and the postage stamps; by denying the jurisdiction of the Privy Council by ceasing to appoint King's Counsel in the Courts; and by refusing to fall into line with the United Kingdom and the other Dominions in any international arrangement at Geneva or elsewhere. And arguing from smaller to

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greater, it is gravely suggested that all other nations may and will be brought into a similar unity and a similar bond of loyalty to—*the World!* And in support of this astonishing hope, and with equal logic, we are asked to note the fact that the League of Nations has not used the coercive powers conferred upon it by Art. 16 of the Covenant, as proof that force is unnecessary for the solution of international disputes; again conveniently overlooking the real reason for this forbearance, which is that any attempt to use Art. 16 would mean the break-up of the League.

We are further told that the Kellogg Pact has definitely altered international law by making war illegal; though since the Pact provides no penalty, it is hard to follow the mental processes of certain distinguished lawyers who argue in this sense. And because of all these alleged happenings we are invited to disarm ourselves and trust to the new order of things to protect us from all external dangers. Armaments, they say, lead to war. This must mean one of two things: Either that an increase in its armaments tends to convert a peaceful nation into a warlike one, or that a well-armed nation is more likely than an unarmed one to be attacked by its neighbours. If the second meaning is intended, one would suppose that its fallacy would be obvious to anyone; but there are many leading politicians who assert that the fear of other nations' armies is the most fruitful cause of war in modern times. Yet if one suggested to these same leading politicians that our safety was endangered by a big American navy—which it is; or by the Soviet army—which it would be if that army's strength were really, as lately reported, twelve million men; and that therefore we should protect ourselves by declaring war on the United States or the Soviet Republics; the resulting howls of indignation would be heard, without the aid of the B.B.C., from here to New Zealand. More logical, and more of a realist, was the Negro comedian of the pre-war era, who used to sing:

The other day, to show my grit,
A stranger on the nose I hit.
Who was it said "That's Hackenschmidt"?
Nobody!

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For if anyone *had* told him that the stranger was Hackenschmidt—the Russian wrestler who defeated the “Terrible Turk” in some thirty seconds—he would have had more sense than to hit him on the nose.

But perhaps “Armaments lead to war” is to be understood in the first of the senses given above. In that case it must somehow be reconciled with two other propositions constantly put forward by those who profess to believe in it: that the United States is a perfectly peaceful nation, from whom no one in the world, and least of all ourselves, has anything to fear; and that the best safeguard for the peace of the world is to *increase* the armaments of that most peaceful nation to a point, actual and relative, which they have never yet reached. How is this reconciliation to be managed? If we were formerly a danger to the peace of the world by reason of our supreme navy, why should the United States, if it succeeds to our position, be less so? Formerly it was our national ambition to keep the “balance of power” in our own hands. Now we are told that the mere idea of the balance of power is wicked; and the same people who would have us abandon the wicked thing, and trust our own safety and the world’s peace to the League of Nations, are the most eager that the wicked thing itself shall be handed over to an enormously strong Power which persistently refuses to join the League. One is tempted to think that such distressingly inconsistent views cannot be honestly held by those who profess them, but that they are merely a cloak for an attack on the British Empire. And this suspicion is strengthened by the thought that the apostles of “League of Nations Unionism” are assiduous in their efforts to clear Germany of the guilt of war, and, as Mr. Snowden did at The Hague, take every opportunity of insulting and brow-beating our late Allies, while refusing to “accept further sacrifices from Germany.”

But if we dismiss any such suspicion as unworthy, the question we have to answer is this: Do these excellent ladies and gentlemen, who claim that human nature is really coming near to the climax of “infinite perfectibility,” really see the Millennium close at hand,

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or are they deceived by a mirage? And the answer must be that they are deceived. It is beyond dispute that the results of the late war were disastrous to most of the nations involved, and that they will go to great lengths to avoid the repetition of such a calamity. The machinery for the peaceful settlement of international differences will steadily improve; and possibly for this reason, but more probably from motives of economy, nations may be led to reduce their defensive forces. Then there will be the customary argument in a circle, that because armies and navies are diminished war is less likely, and that because war is less likely armies and navies may safely be reduced still more. The idea of war will become less prominent in men's minds until they come to look upon it as something belonging wholly to a past age and abandon all preparation for it. But the sooner this point is reached, the sooner, in all probability, will some nation, failing to attain its ends at the conference table, yield to an atavistic impulse to try the effect of force upon opponents who are no longer on their guard against it. In such an event we shall doubtless hear again the old familiar claptrap about Right being stronger than Might; but it will not materially affect the result. In the late war we believed ourselves in the right, and we won; our enemies equally believed themselves in the right, and they lost. The greater justice of our cause (about which these very believers in the coming Millennium now seem to have grave doubts) would hardly, by itself, have given us the victory. It was at any rate helped by other factors, notably the greater strength of our fleet, which gradually convinced the United States and other neutrals that their interest lay in helping us rather than the other side.

Force can be overcome only by superior force. That is a fundamental fact of nature; not of human nature in particular, but of all nature which lies within the limited scope of mortal intelligence. And any nation which neglects to take account of that fundamental fact will have signed its own death warrant.

The Alternatives for India

By Sir Mark Hunter

THE sub-title of a recent contribution to the Press by Lord Winterton sums up the present situation in India in five words: "British Raj or Gandhi Raj." As a presentation of the possible alternatives, it is the conclusion of the whole matter; literal truth in respect of the first alternative, symbolic truth in the case of the second. In the early part of his article, however, Lord Winterton observes: "It is morally impossible to evade the pledge contained in the Declaration of 1917," by which he means (though the so-called pledge was strictly conditional) that no halt should be called in the process of setting up self-governing institutions in India. I shall return to the question of the pledge later. Meantime, it has to be recognized that, on the evidence of what has happened, and is happening, as the inevitable result of the pledge, one of the alternatives offered for our choice has entirely changed its complexion. Gandhi Raj remains, but the British Raj has been in part surrendered, and complete surrender, however much we may seek to disguise the fact, has been declared the "ultimate goal."

It seems hard, perhaps impossible, for statesmen at home, even with India Office experience, to visualize Indian conditions as they appear to old Indian Service men. Thus, Mr. Lloyd George in a stirring article, nearly all of which, even the "old die-hard in his club armchair" would acclaim, asserts:—"On no account must Britain abandon the policy of 1917," but he ends the paragraph and the article: "Meanwhile we must govern." Yet we cannot have it both ways. Lord Meston, a Liberal Peer, but one who governed an Indian province and sat in the Viceroy's Executive Council, reviewing an important work by another ex-Governor, Sir Reginald Craddock, says truly: "In the Cabinet's announcement of August, 1917, we promised India *Self-government*; in the Proclamation of 1858 Queen Victoria promised India *good government*, and under

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present conditions the two are incompatible." In fairness one should admit that these words may be taken rather as a summary of Sir Reginald's thesis than as an expression of the reviewer's personal conviction; but the thesis, Lord Meston states, "brings us up against realities."

Very well; since good government, and not any sort of government was, at one time at least, the only object worth Britain's ambition, the acceptance of the later pledge would seem to be a surrender of the ambition and the repudiation of Queen Victoria's promise. It is a hard conclusion, but the recent manifestation of Gandhi Raj at Lahore, and the threatened extension of that Raj to the rest of India, witness that the conclusion is a true one—unless the pledge is not quite what it is generally represented to be.

It is worth while examining the famous announcement, for its actual terms are frequently, if not nearly always, ignored. In pursuance of the policy announced, the British and Indian Governments, it was declared, must be guided "by the co-operation received from those on whom new opportunities of service will be conferred, and by the extent to which it is found that confidence can be reposed in their sense of responsibility." Responsibility, it may be observed, is here used in its ethical, not its technical, sense. Further, the section of the Act which makes provision for the Statutory Commission requires that the Commission shall report how far "it is desirable to establish the principle of responsible government, or to extend, modify, or restrict the degree of responsible government" already conceded.

Unless, therefore, there has been the required co-operation, witnessing to the possession of a sense of responsibility; unless the working of the Reforms has been such as to warrant the extension, and not such as to suggest the withdrawal, of the measure of self-government granted, the pledge on moral grounds has lapsed, and Parliament is free, if it think fit, to proceed in recognition of the demonstrated fact that the "experiment" of 1919 has failed.

In regard to the first condition, that of co-operation and a sense of responsibility no one in the light of recent

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history can maintain that the hopes of the framers of the policy have been even approximately realized, and few will question the justice of Sir Basil Blackett's censure recently cited by Sir Michael O'Dwyer in a cogent article on "Dominion Status for India" (ENGLISH REVIEW, December last, p. 685): "I feel that at every turn this Assembly (the All-India Legislative Assembly) is trying to commit political suicide. Every opportunity that is given to it of showing that it has a sense of responsibility and can use it is taken to prove that it is irresponsible."

As for the second condition, which relates to the working of the reforms, the report of the Simon Commission must doubtless be awaited, but even without it there is plenty of material of a public and official, as well as of a private, character, from which those who knew India in the pre-reform days may form a fairly accurate opinion whether "the welfare and advancement of the Indian peoples" (that, and not the smooth running of constitutional machinery, is what really matters) have been furthered or retarded.

One is not driven to read between the lines of published official reports to realize that, since the introduction of the reforms, standards of efficiency in administration have everywhere been lowered, and that deterioration has been general. This is indeed a ludicrously mild description of the calamities which have followed the reforms, and which are due to the weakening of authority directly, or indirectly, traceable to the reforms.

We may therefore dismiss the question how far the Coalition Cabinet was really a consenting party to a policy carefully considered by all its members, as well as the question how far Members of Parliament really understood the policy to which effect was given in the Act of 1919. The British public, however, was in no sense a consenting party. The pledge was given in the middle of the War, and the future of India has never to this day been placed before the British people as an election issue. The Act of 1919, as Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Winterton, and indeed most British politicians, appear to interpret it, gave in part, and promised in full, responsible Government to the Indian dependency;

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and this with no shadow of a mandate from that authority to which, according to democratic theory, the British Parliament is responsible.

The absence of an appeal to the electorate is, it may be said, in accordance with precedent; and this is true. It has been a common understanding that India should remain outside party politics; and this was the only sound principle, so long as it was recognized that conditions in India differed profoundly from any on which the British electorate was ever called upon to decide; and so long as the Government of India, with the British Services as its agents, were held to be capable of discharging, under the authority of Parliament, the task imposed on them. But with the reforms the whole outlook is changed. The reforms rest on the assumption that, politically considered, what suits Great Britain suits, or will soon suit, India as well; and as for the Services, their position, the whole environment in which they work, has been in part, and will be altogether, transformed—as a first step towards ultimate extinction.

The eventual extinction of the British Services was implied in the announcement which proclaimed the goal, and in the view of those Indian politicians, strangely named *moderate*, who have prepared the Indian Central Committee's report, or sheaf of reports, the hour has now struck. The Services attached to the "development" departments, Public Works, Agriculture, Forests, Education, and others, have already gone; and the "Security" Services, the Indian Civil Service and the Police, if these "moderate" aspirations are to be satisfied, must follow immediately. The demand is that they should be "provincialized"; that is to say, as Imperial British Services, they must cease to exist. For defence, there is to be an Indian Navy—how created, equipped and manned is not stated. No British forces will be required, and the Indian Army is to be completely Indianized, the rank and file, mainly recruited from the martial races of the North, being commanded by, and yielding cheerful obedience to, officers drawn from an unwarlike intelligentsia.

By such means, in the view of the moderates, will Dominion Status be won, and won without further delay.

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The extremists are to this extent more logical—if indeed there be any real dividing line between the moderate and the extreme politician implying a genuine difference in political faith. The extremists perceive that, with the attainment in India of the desired Status, the designation of Dominion will, for India, become meaningless. They have therefore—high treason having apparently ceased in India to be a punishable offence—renounced allegiance to the King-Emperor and torn down the flag of Empire.

In this way has Gandhi Raj been proclaimed, and with the life of His Majesty's supreme representative daily threatened by anarchist assassins, and with district magistrates suspending the collection of taxes because Mr. Gandhi has forbidden taxes to be paid, Gandhi Raj seems well on the way to fulfilment. It is surely idle, not to say pusillanimous, to build hopes of salvation on an anticipated divergence of moderate and extremist aims. However they choose to style themselves, both sections are pledged to Dominion Status—minus British Dominion.

Lord Irwin may console himself that, whosoever may be disaffected, the masses, the 300 odd millions who compose the Indian peoples, are, and will remain, loyal to the Crown. Nothing, however, can be more certain than that the sentiment of loyalty, which in the past has been very real, to a King thousands of miles away, will not, and cannot, survive the destruction of every outward and visible sign which to the simple-minded makes the King's authority a living reality.

The British people have a free choice. There is nothing to deter and everything to recommend the increasing association of the best type of Indians in the government of the dependency. There are many loyal Indians capable of wielding influence in the Council Chamber and of worthily filling high and responsible office. They may be found readily enough outside the ranks of the politically-minded, though the majority of these, too, will speedily reconcile themselves to re-asserted authority. Political advancement of this kind, which indeed was steadily proceeding before 1917, would be an honest fulfilment of the royal promise of

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1858, and would be welcomed by all men of goodwill. If, on the other hand, the British people are really satisfied that the faith that was in Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford is essentially the true faith, and in consequence insist on the rapid transplanting in India of constitutional machinery in slavish imitation of the machinery with which we in this country are familiar; if, strong in that faith they seek to disturb the contentment which Queen Victoria looked to as her "great reward," it would be well for them to recognize that, as Indian conditions are now, and as far ahead as the longest-sighted can picture them, good government is incompatible with self-government. They must choose one or the other, for they cannot have it both ways.

The Egyptian Situation

By L. Haden Guest, M.C.

THE Prime Minister of Egypt has now got the consent of his party to negotiate a new Treaty with Great Britain and the basis of these negotiations is the offer made by the British Government last year.

The abrupt dismissal of Lord Lloyd from the post of High Commissioner in Egypt last summer weakens our hand with regard to the treaty and it is not possible to say what the outcome will be. But the situation is pre-eminently one in which we should face realities and not take refuge in the obscurities of "formulæ" or of slogans.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald would probably call the risks of the proposed treaty "the risks of peace." But there was no risk of war before. What we are actually doing is to exchange the risks of firm administration for uncertain administration and of order and security for disorder and confusion.

There is nothing far-fetched or theoretical about this last danger in Egypt. When Lord Lloyd went to Egypt, the country had passed through a period of civil and political disturbances and a murder campaign culminating in the assassination of Sir Lee Stack. Without firing a shot and by the use of brilliant diplomacy Lord Lloyd brought order out of disorder and peace and prosperity to all classes of the community. Lord Lloyd did nothing which, under other circumstances and in other countries, might not have been done by the League of Nations, but his policy ran counter to the aspirations of the Egyptian nationalists and the Commissioner was grotesquely represented as our Egyptian dictator.

The fundamental realities of Egypt are simple and are very little changed by the veil of parliamentary democracy now thrown over them. The first is that some fifteen millions of people are living in Egypt on an area about the size of Belgium and are dependent for their existence on large scale engineering works, elaborate irrigation and extensive trade, for the proper functioning of which, order and security are essential. Of these fifteen millions, some thirteen millions are illiterate and, in addition, lack

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education in the use of parliamentary machinery. British democracy is founded on the education given by local self-government and the innumerable trade and other social and political organizations which are a feature of our life. Local self-government does not exist in Egypt and other organizations are only now beginning to appear. The only effective organization the Egyptian peasant has is that of his religion, and while the Mosque is the centre of a culture of its own, it is as far removed from the traditions of Western institutions as anything can well be.

Parliamentary Government to Egypt is a strange Western institution the control of which is only understood by the few who constitute themselves the political caucuses and run the machine. Tammany in its wildest dreams was never more undemocratic in the true sense—it is caucus rule *in excelsis*.

So long as Great Britain retains her power to safeguard the security of Egypt and its foreign residents, the power of the political caucus can be kept in check. The caucus is undoubtedly too powerful even now, but the country is being educated to understand and control the parliamentary machine. But once this check is removed and police, magistracy and army come unrestrictedly under Egyptian caucus control, the education in democracy is likely to be by a series of disasters.

England in Egypt has one great outstanding interest and one great outstanding responsibility. The interest is that of safeguarding the use of the Suez Canal, the responsibility that of safeguarding the security of foreign residents and the Egyptian nation, particularly the fellaheen. Is our policy to be confined to safeguarding our interest? We are at least in danger of following this line. For while it is nowhere suggested in responsible circles that we should give up the Suez Canal, it is currently believed that it is our intention to give up our responsibility to the people of Egypt.

The reasons for this withdrawal from the internal affairs of Egypt—a responsibility which includes the physical safety and financial security of Europeans—are based on a democratic argument which founds itself, as on an axiom, on the right of peoples to self-determination.

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That this right exists, as one among others, few will deny completely. But it is by no means the only "right" controlling national existence and it is incidentally a "right" which, carried to its extreme, would reduce nations to fractional groups and those groups to sub-groups, and so on indefinitely.

In dealing with African negro nations in a primitive stage of development, the right of self-determination is recognized by the Labour Party, in their statement of African policy, to be subordinate to the responsibility of the paramount power for good government. And while in the case of a nation like that of Egypt the right of self-determination has greater weight, this does not mean that the responsibility of Great Britain has ceased to exist.

When England entered upon its work of governing and directing Egypt, that country was in a state of chaos, its finances had been compromised by corrupt and reckless rulers and it took many years to bring Egypt to its present condition of prosperity. We have not only built roads, railways and irrigation works; we have built a fair police and judicial system and created administrations which do the work of the country in a satisfactory way. The peasantry, the fellaheen, have been given the opportunity of development and are probably more prosperous than they have ever been at any period of Egyptian history. But we have gone further than this; in an access of Victorian parliamentary fervour we have created a parliament, modelled on our own, and we can only justify its creation if we help in its education.

The present institutions, the security and the prosperity of Egypt are the creation of the British Government and the brains of Western civilization. Are we to hand over the complete control of all these new things to another Western creation—a Western parliament—merely to satisfy a formula about "self-determination"? It may be said that by British Government declarations already made we have practically handed over our responsibilities to the Egyptian leaders. But while it is true that we have handed over much, we have reserved to ourselves (1) the security of the communications of the British Empire in Egypt, (2) the defence of Egypt against

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all foreign aggression or interference, direct or indirect, (3) the protection of foreign interests in Egypt and the protection of minorities, and (4) the Sudan. These reservations give us still a great power in Egypt and they will enable us, unless whittled away, to discharge our responsibilities.

But it is proposed under the treaty to withdraw our troops from Cairo to the banks of the Suez Canal and to hand over the protection of foreign interests to the Egyptian government. What do these things mean—in fact and not in pseudo-democratic theory? Let us take first the risk of war. At the present time there is always risk of internal trouble in Egypt as the riots, outrages and murder campaign, culminating in the murder of Sir Lee Stack, abundantly prove. In these disorders the Wafd party, now politically supreme in Egypt, was heavily compromised and two Wafdists were actually tried for the murder. These two men were only acquitted by the majority verdict of the Egyptian judges, the English judge dissenting and subsequently resigning as the most forcible form of protest he could make. Under present circumstances, with the final responsibility for public security on the shoulders of the British Government, the difficulties and disorders, however serious, are only matters of internal concern to Egypt itself and to the British Empire. And Lord Lloyd's administration, which began in this period of disturbance, has shown that we can cope with even the gravest difficulties of this order in a way satisfactory to Egyptian and foreign populations alike. But can anyone believe that a Nationalist or Wafdist government could possibly exercise the same control? Their members and their leaders are compromised fully in these politics of violence and agitation.

What, then, is to be the situation in the future? Is the British garrison on the Suez Canal to send a squadron of aeroplanes over Cairo to drop ultimatums on the parliament? Or are troops to be hurriedly dispatched by train to arrive after the outrages have been committed? Or are we to give up any guardianship of foreign and minority interests altogether? All or any of these questions may have to be faced at any time after our withdrawal from Cairo, and they are by no

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means the only serious questions. For if we put ourselves deliberately into a condition of weakness, or even expressly give up our responsibility for the protection of foreigners and minorities, have we any reason to think that either France or Italy will accept the situation so far as their own nationals are concerned? If Italian nationals are murdered and pillaged in Egypt, will the Fascist government send a polite letter of protest to the Egyptian government, or will they land troops and increase the Egyptian units of the Fascist organization? These questions are hypothetical, but not by any means remote from actuality. Disorder in Egypt is likely to arise at any time under the influence of propaganda directed against foreigners, and unless we are still in a position to deal with it quickly and effectively, we may be faced not with the risks of peace, but with a diplomatic situation, as between ourselves and some other European nation, in Egypt, which might well become a risk of war. For Great Britain could not tolerate the regime of another European power in Egypt, because such a regime would threaten very seriously the whole of our Empire communications with the East.

Any new treaty arranged between ourselves and Egypt must rule out completely any chance of another European nation "intervening" in Egypt on any pretext. We need more than assurances from the Egyptian Government that order will be preserved and that the safety and the rights of foreigners will be protected. We need a definite understanding as to how this is to be done and what steps will be taken in case of failure by the Egyptian authorities themselves. A definite understanding of this kind and a definite arrangement for the protection of the Suez Canal should be the very minimum of our requirements. We should certainly, however, hope for more than this minimum. At the present time the Mixed Courts make certain of a high level of competence and justice in the administration of the law. The stiffening of British and other foreign officials in the various branches of the Civil Service and in the Army and the Police secures also a relatively high standard of efficiency and security. All of these things are good for Egypt and, indeed, are the essential basis on which its

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prosperity is built. But what of the future? Are the Mixed Courts to disappear and the foreign element in the Civil Service, the Army and the Police to be replaced by Egyptians? And if so, how long will the present security and prosperity of Egypt continue?

The present population of Egypt is a dense one and its maintenance depends on high efficiency in all government departments. If the population, and particularly the Fellahin, suffer as a result of our withdrawal from our responsibilities, it may be thought that this is part of the inevitable price of self-government. But is it either necessary or desirable? Nor need we overlook the fact that, with the falling off of the standard of prosperity in Egypt, not only the Egyptians but we ourselves will suffer. Our trade with Egypt will diminish, and it is even possible that the big stores of Cairo and other Egyptian cities may find themselves reduced, by the falling off of demand and the difficulty of getting credit, to the level of Eastern bazaars.

Damage to the security of our communications with the East, definite danger of international complications with other European powers who have interests in Egypt, and definite damage to our trade are a high price to pay for verbal adherence to a doctrine of self-determination which is of very doubtful application in Egypt's case.

Nor is this by any means all. The forced resignation of Lord Lloyd has given the peoples of the East the impression that Great Britain is failing in her power, her courage and her sense of responsibility. The Egyptians are Muslims, and the Muslims are a great people to whom national frontiers are secondary to the frontier of their Muslim brotherhood. From village to village, from camp to camp, up and down Egypt, into and across Arabia, and over the sea to India, and, indeed, to all Muslim countries, the rumour spreads of the decline of the British power. It is not possible entirely to dissociate the events of the Palestine disturbance from the affairs of Egypt. All parts of the Muslim world are interconnected and if the spread of messages and comment is by means of rumour instead of by cable and wireless, at least the original messages lose nothing of their hurtfulness in the process of transmission.

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The importance of Egypt in the Muslim world is not to be estimated by its population or its international position, but by the influence of its religious leaders and the fact that Cairo is the city of the central Muslim University of the world, that of El-Azhar. This university has been described by a European professor as a bad elementary school, but that does not affect the fact that its scholars come from Morocco, West Africa, the East Indies, India, Persia, Russia and Central Asia. El-Azhar is a nerve centre of Muslim life.

What Britain does in Egypt will be told in the remotest places in the world where Muslim influence penetrates.

Is it necessary at this stage of the world's history to emphasize the fact that Great Britain gets out of Egypt very much less than she gives? Her interests in Egypt are by no means all selfish. In any new treaty with Egypt we are inevitably giving up a good deal that is valuable to us while safeguarding the Suez Canal. But we ought not so to reduce our power as to make it impossible to fulfil our responsibility to the Fellahin and our duty of guiding the democracy which we have created.

On the remaining question of the Sudan it is to be hoped there will be no compromise. The Sudan must remain under British rule because, if for no other reason, there is no power to whom it may be handed over. Egypt's claim to the Sudan is a very bad one; it is rejected by the Sudanese themselves and, when exercised in earlier years, was grossly abused. The Sudan, too, is as necessary to the security of British Africa as is the Suez Canal.

Under existing circumstances a new treaty is now inevitable. Let it be one then which settles matters in a definite way, guards Great Britain's interests in the Canal and the Sudan and leaves us still able to discharge our responsibilities both to foreign residents in Egypt and the Egyptian peasants. Less than this will increase the likelihood of international difficulties, will weaken our position with regard to the Muslim peoples over half the world, and will be an abandonment, in the name of democracy, of our responsibility for the reality of democracy in Egypt.

How Shall We Get Democracy?

By O. A. Merritt-Hawkes

THERE is possibly no better definition of democracy than "government of the people, by the people, and for the people." Government *of* the people has been taking place ever since man began, and has varied considerably in efficiency; government *by* the people, when it means the mere recording of votes, is comparatively easy if the electors can be persuaded to go to the polls; but government *for* the people is difficult, has never yet occurred, and possibly cannot occur until the people themselves are well-bred.

There are many steps in the evolution of democracy from government by dictators—with whom, at the moment, we have considerable up-to-date and first-hand acquaintance—to the perfection of democracy when every individual of mature years, regardless of sex and financial position, will have a voice in a government where the elected will actually represent a majority of the electorate, but where minorities will not be forgotten. It is supposed that England, France, Germany and the United States are democracies; but the real democracy has yet to come.

Since the French Revolution, there has been, in all European countries, a strong tendency towards the democratization of politics, art, music, education, life; but to-day we are faced with a number of reversions of this century-old policy which many have come to consider a necessary ingredient of progress. These reversions are in political life rather than in the arts and sciences; for even if the dictator does without a Parliament, he does not reduce educational facilities in the direct sense, although he may attack the very foundation of education when he crushes mental freedom of expression. For instance, the other day those who founded an Anti-Fascist Society put down as one of their reasons, the suppression of scientific research in Italy. But the

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dictator does not usually cease to encourage a general medical welfare or adequate housing, etc.

We have also come to consider that freedom of thought and the expression of opinion are part of democracy; but that is not a necessity, for the masses as well as the classes may suffer from a fear of the individual which is the foundation upon which all suppression of intellectual liberty depends.

Many methods of government have been tried, but on the whole and on the average the democratic method is the best—or the least bad. It is clumsier than the methods of the dictator, who says to a man, "Go," and he goeth, whereas the democracy has to elect a committee, the committee has to meet perhaps several times before it says to the man, "Go," and then he may not go, but merely get a number of people to sign a petition to explain why he should stay put. But democracy exists for the race rather than for one individual man, and months count for little in the lifetime of a race. Tiresome as the committee sometimes is, the passage of time may give increase of wisdom to the elected regarding their orders about their fellow-citizens, whereas it is certain that time will one day kill off the perfect dictator and the process of finding a suitable successor may take years, even centuries and almost certainly suffering. A perfect dictator may have existed; such a being is conceivable; but we are all familiar with the ways of the usual imperfect dictator, who throws flowers to his friends with one hand and writes out orders for prison for his enemies with the other.

Somewhere between the dictator, be he self-appointed or hereditary, is the aristocratic method, be it self-appointed by arms, brains, money or hereditary, where the few govern the many—the few always say for the benefit of the many!

Practically, an aristocracy is like a milk business in which all the cream goes to the management and the skimmed milk to the people, the milk being reduced in quality until it can give the people just enough energy to do their work and produce other workers. The management are persons of ability, culture, learning, taste, refinement, and courage. At Christmas and other festival

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days the management puts on impressive robes and graciously hands out a little second quality cream to the people whose duty it is to receive it with breathless gratitude.

A democracy should be a milk business in which whole milk of a high grade, the quality being constantly bettered by scientific methods, is given to each in proportion to his deserts. But what we find to-day—and why democracy is so often called a failure—is that this isn't happening. There are people in the democracy who steal the cream—not merely to drink, even at the risk of becoming as fat as profiteers—but often just to have the fun of dressing up in pseudo-aristocratic gay rags and pouring it, not into the mouths of the sick or needy, but just into the gutter of ostentation. The democracy is also producing a grade of milk which is getting more watery instead of more creamy.

The theory of the cultured aristocracy was that they required cream to appreciate Beethoven and Rembrandt and that they alone were fit to understand and value the subtle delights of pearls and oysters. But, they didn't throw away their cream just for fun, because they had enough brains and mental balance to know its value. Pearls were never cast before them in vain. The aristocracy could do harm because its standards for people outside its own class were so low and so unimaginative; but the aristocrats were too few in number to do more than a fraction of the harm that can be done by a huge modern democracy.

A democracy has immense power—much greater power than any dictator, aristocracy or autocracy ever could have—but no democracy that has yet appeared has been wise enough to use that power rightly.

Sir Victor Henderson said a few weeks ago that half the crime in Great Britain is committed by the mentally unstable, and that these criminals and other feeble-minded, up to the number of 20,000 (a very conservative estimate) should be placed in organized colonies. But do we put them under such beneficial control? No. The mental deficiency of our democracy is so low that it can't see the way to a wiser policy with the mentally deficient. This democracy is so stupid that it cannot

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understand that a community with a burden round its neck can't swim as well as one unburdened. Clearly, we don't want only to segregate the 20,000 who are already recognized as mentally unstable, but we want also to breed a race that is wise enough not to order its own murder. We have the facts about the feeble-minded, about their relation to crime. We can reckon what they cost the rest of us, and yet we do very little to put things right. This democracy of ours cannot yet govern for the advantage of the people. But a wise democracy could be produced if we had well-bred people. There is plenty of material available.

There are large numbers of people who only behave because there is a horde of policemen and others to compel them; they do not behave because of any inner urge to go straight. An upright position when retained only by hired crutches is a very poor thing. The aristocracy had ideals of behaviour and conduct and service, limited unfortunately, all of them; but they needed no quarter sessions to put those ideals into practice. When a new dress shirt came from the laundry which didn't belong to them, they returned it. This doesn't always happen with the present demos which is learning to appreciate cleanliness, but has not yet learned to value the subtler forms of honesty. They are still in the state of Homer's heroes and Grimm's successful men—they are people of guile rather than honour.

To-day, democracy has covered the world with a large number of schools and into them go a considerable number of people who can make no use of them, but who emerge thinking, unfortunately, that they know, just as some people might wade through a pond and fancy they knew how to swim. When such persons jump into the ocean of life, they are apt to make a large number of errors which may involve drowning other persons besides themselves. Democracy says everyone must be educated; but it has, so far, omitted to provide sufficient people who are educatable. Education does not mean an easy accumulation of facts, but a development of reason, and especially that mature reasonableness which allows people to handle their facts adequately.

Everyday, life becomes more complex, more involved,

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its problems, more extensive and interlocking. A certain level of ability is needed for each stage of civilization, and to-day we certainly require a higher type than cave-dwelling man. There are not enough good minds in strong bodies, for much of the most important work is not done by people who are tired out at the end of a six- or eight-hour day. It is no longer sufficient to know that two and two make four; for international finance, upon which such questions as population, unemployment, and food supply depend, can only be effectually handled by men with great mathematical ability allied to many other qualities.

The democracy which has the oldest and most extensive system of education is the United States. The illiteracy among the native-born whites is only 0.3 per cent.; so most people can read at least the captions of the "movies," but no serious book ever has a circulation of more than four-tenths of 1 per cent. of the population.

Much of the knowledge which the few have accumulated is wasted because we have not yet a population wise enough to make use of it. We know how we could have hygienic cities and villages; but they do not exist, because, on account of the stupidity of many electors, we must go slowly, so that we are always lagging behind available knowledge. The minds of the less mentally endowed move forward slowly, partly from inertia, but partly because they are looking backwards to the known, for they have not that essential quality of the well-bred courage to go on into an experimental future.

There is enormous waste in our present democracy; for the able, buoyed up by the idea, which they regard as an ideal, of equality, spend more time upon the incapable than on the capable, although educationists have demonstrated that a little push sends a stupid person but a very little way, whereas the same little push gives a capable person a momentum which is sufficient to propel him very far.

Democracy has failed, or been a disappointment, because we have not yet reached a life of sufficient comfort, happiness, and personal fulfilment; but democracy has not yet tried such a fundamental biological experiment as attempting to alter the average innate

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qualities of the race. It has built hospitals to cure; but what has it done to eradicate, what has it done to create?

A demos which has power and not enough intelligence and honour is a huge danger; it can bully, it can destroy, it can grasp, it can smite and crush what it does not understand. It can expose its ugliness proudly and haughtily instead of cowering under autocratic or aristocratic rule.

But there is a perfectly simple way out of all these difficulties, a straight path to a pleasant and delightful democratic end: "Breed the right people, stop breeding the wrong people." The time will certainly come when the terms right and wrong, applied to the racial and social values of the individual, will have a scientific and accurate value; but at present we must find our way by guess and common-sense, aided by the beginnings of our knowledge of heredity, which confirms Horace's words: "'Tis only from the sturdy and the good that sturdy young are born; in steers and steeds appear the merits of their sires; nor do fierce eagles beget timid doves." But we know what possibly Horace didn't, that the racial value of an individual has to be judged, not only by his own performance, but in relation to that of his family.

Nobody, or at least so few that they don't count, wants us to allow the feeble-minded to have children; but even if all the feeble-minded, epileptics, and lunatics were wiped out of the world, we should not even then have the well-bred people who will give us the perfect democracy. Such individuals are the obvious rubbish which must be abolished before greater refinement of choice and breeding can take place.

Government *for* the people implies for the advantage, happiness, and development of the people; and as, in the true democracy, each will help to govern, the voters must be wise; and no one has suggested that we have reached that happy state in spite of all our education. Government is, of course, but a small part of democracy, but it is the obvious side in which can easily be seen the effect and failure of each member of the demos.

There are people who say that the ideal of a wise, well-bred democracy is pure nonsense; men are fools, and will always be fools. But give science a chance in

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this matter of who shall be born, and even dreams may come true. America has tried education for a hundred and fifty years or more, but she is not a wise nation; we have tried popular education for a lesser period, and we are not wise, although, on the whole, not less wise than America. Education does not do the trick; we must breed. Some educationists will reply: "Ah, but give the right education." Methods of education have been various in time and place throughout the history of civilizations and in each of them some men have managed to grow wise, although, from the modern point of view, most, if not all, men in the past must have been very badly-educated little boys.

It is time for us to give science the chance to produce an aristocracy almost as big as, and almost coextensive with, the nation. There is no lack of good material available, some in one class, some in another, some with small incomes, some with big. It has merely to be used.

Lady Emily Lutyens some time ago suggested schools to make aristocrats. Genetics would suggest parents to make aristocrats to be followed by schools to confirm and develop the better inborn qualities. Some time last winter a family of four ordered seats in the train on their way to winter sports. When they reached Calais, they found that none of their seats were corner seats and they definitely wanted corner seats. The owners of the envied places had not arrived; so this enterprising family changed the tickets. Both the parents had "risen"; the father, who was descended from a long line of small shopkeepers to whom the war had given a push, thought the suggestion enterprising and shrewd; the mother, who was said to have some good connections a generation ago, thought the proceeding very doubtful, but she gave way to her gentleman son and lady daughter, whom they had, at great sacrifice to themselves, sent to two of the greatest public schools, there to get that polish which they believed had so many advantages. But some stones don't polish.

It is difficult to define exactly what an aristocrat or well-bred person is, but no such aristocrat as the democracy needs would have done that, or, what is more fundamental, would even have thought of it. Such a

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spirit in politics, education, art, marriage, makes them all ugly, unreliable. The well-bred people will be fully developed in many human qualities. This is not meant to suggest that all people should be alike or equal, but that a foundation of essentials should exist upon which special ability in one direction or another could be added.

At present most of the reforms of the world attack solely environmental changes and some in such a way that they work to encourage bad inheritance rather than good. Every reform should be studied in present human values and in possible future racial values; take, for example, maternal endowment which will give the mother money for her children in relation to their number only and not to their qualities. Will it result in the inferior reproducing even more successfully than at present? Some people believe one thing and some another, and with our present knowledge no one can know what the result will be; so precautions for control over those who may be born should be part of this excellent plan. But we are not going to have such precautions until we have a democracy well-born enough to see its problems from several points of view, wisely humble enough to say: "I do not know, I must find out." But it takes a wise man to know how foolish or ignorant he is and a still wiser one to accept his limitations gracefully.

The people must be born again to make the real democracy, which, in scientific language, means that the well-born must produce the coming generations and not the indifferent or the inferior.

Science, with its beginnings of the study of heredity during the last sixty years, can now be a guide towards a realization of the democracy of which men, politicians, and reformers have dreamed for thousands of years but which is only now in sight, because we know we cannot reach it by environmental changes alone, but only by heredity and environment going hand in hand—another Castor and Pollux, to make a new constellation in the heavens.

Free State Borrowing

By "Pat"

IN THE ENGLISH REVIEW for February I described typical instances of persecution by the Free State Government for "preferring to remain British subjects." One man "slept with a revolver under his pillow," and in his case there are now further developments. The Government have by force deprived him of the revolver, knowing that it was the only defence of his life. They had made him pay a tax for defending himself, but the money for the current year has now been returned to him, and this must make him feel the meaning of his position as an outlaw. He pays his taxes and he supports the constitution, but the Government deny him the protection of the State, because he is a British subject.

He had been "attacked by three masked men," but the Government refused to prosecute, and then "the three masked men, or any number, were free to infer that official 'Justice' would not be too inquisitive if he were discreetly murdered." In issuing the revolver permit to him, the Government had effectually recognized the danger to his life and their own incapacity for public order. In depriving him of the revolver, they expose him to the same danger, and they do not suggest that it is any less. Having confessed their failure to protect him as a good citizen, they now deprive him of the right to protect himself even at his own expense. He had to provide the revolver, the ammunition and the money to pay the tax, so that they threaten his life and confiscate his property in the same act.

He has submitted his case to two representatives in the Dail who belong to the two opposite parties. Both agree that the matter ought to be raised in Parliament, but each of them refused to do it, on the ground that it ought to be done by the other party. The attempt to get justice for "a British subject" might reduce their votes at the next election, and we are left to reflect whether a Parliament like this can survive the contempt of mankind.

It was about mid-day when the revolver was taken away by the police. Twelve hours later, about midnight, a great mob gathered near the house and kept up a threatening demonstration until 1.30 a.m. Three days later this was repeated, but for a shorter time. Our "British

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subject " must now be very careful when he ventures on the public road. Drivers of motor lorries try to run him down on his bicycle, and as the police take no notice of his complaints, he has given over complaining. The same savage methods were practised against him before he got the revolver, and now they are renewed immediately he has lost it. Not more than twelve hours passed between the loss of the revolver and the resumption of the torture.

An isolated case? The following are not isolated cases. On February 12, thirteen Civil Servants were examined before a special commission in Dublin to ascertain their reasons for desiring to quit the service. Every one of them answered, " The change of Government." Judge Davitt, the president, was anxious to have particulars, and he got them.

Joseph P. Ryan : " I do not like my new master. I like the British Government and do not wish to serve under any other."

John C. Duffy : " I feel insecurity. . . . If the British Government were still here, I should remain on."

Patrick Lowry : " The present Government is less generous than the British "—though costing four times as much. . . . " I have an idea that if I remain on, I will not get a pension at all. We do not know what is going to turn up."

Wm. McDonnell : " I decided to leave as soon as the Free State Government came into being. I have been dubbed a loyalist and a Saxon, and I am still a Saxon."

Thomas Metcalfe : " I do not want to serve under any other Government but the British."

George S. Hughes : " I was born and reared under the British Crown and I intend to stick to the British right through."

Joseph Maxwell : " Prompted by what I have heard at political meetings."

James J. Weldon : " I am loyal to the British."

E. J. Hayes : " I believed in 1922, and I believe still, that the country would not prosper. . . . My convictions will not allow me to remain with the Free State Government."

That was only part of one day's work before the special commission. A like tale has been told day after day.

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No statesman can offer evidence of such value as this from these Civil Servants trying to escape from "Our National freedom." As citizens, they know the country from outside. As Civil Servants, they know the Government from inside and the State multiplication of "jobs" to provide for surplus criminals at the public expense. It does not follow that a man must be a better servant of the State because he is an efficient criminal.

These Civil Servants were protected by the terms of the so-called treaty. If they preferred to retire, they could claim "terms not less favourable than those provided by the Government of Ireland Bill, 1912"—i.e. the Liberal Home Rule Scheme which had to be hung up on the outbreak of the war. In the interpretation of this issue there has been a rather elaborate attempt to cheat the retiring Civil Servants for the benefit of the Dublin Exchequer, but it went to the House of Lords, and the Judicial Committee put an end to the fraud. The Judicial Committee do not say "cheat" or "fraud," but I prefer good, sound English to lawyers' vernacular.

The Dublin statesmen have been badly disturbed by that decision, for what use is "national freedom" that provides a check on cheating? They have gone further than defying the House of Lords. They have attempted to corrupt other colonials into an Imperial conspiracy against the veto of the Judicial Committee and its final safeguards for the individual liberty of the subject. It is not much encouragement for the future Civil Servants of the Free State to know that their Government means to abolish their last security against cheating them.

Unfortunately for the Free State taxpayers, no such security remains for them. While their productive power has fallen and is still falling, their cost of "government" has gone up from an average of seven millions to one of thirty millions, and their cost of living in a Connaught village is 14 per cent. higher than in Manchester, where the average family income is probably more than ten times as much. The increase in their permanent taxation, in excess of the estimates for normal years, is now more than twice the total of the net revenue collected from the Free State area for an average of twenty years under the Union, from 1894 to 1914. Though "economizing" this year, the Government have to find £25,000,000. They

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cannot find it. They must make up another deficit by borrowing. They have been borrowing to meet it already, on the strength of that "loan in London" which was paragraphed during the summer and autumn. For months they have been drawing on their bankers. It is probable that, in addition to their funded liability, they have at this moment a floating debt equal to the highest total they can get by a new loan either "in London" or anywhere else. They have never balanced a budget yet, and it is now evident that they never will, unless by a drastic overhauling of the whole scheme, for which no party seems prepared. Assuming stability, it might be done, but to quote the man above in the Dublin dialogue, "We do not know what is going to turn up," though we may guess what is going to turn down. Stability is not secured by an official minority hanging and shooting the leaders of a large majority.

In the matter of "freedom" and "self-government," the "Free" Stater is cheated on a scale larger still. Take the case of the sufferer mentioned above, who can find no member of his Parliament to represent him. If he could, his facts would get a question on the Imperial notice paper in the next twenty-four hours. With his "national freedom," he has less of liberty than the blackest nigger under the British Crown anywhere outside the Irish Free State.

There is very much less self-government now in Southern Ireland than there was under the Union. Local government has been more than half abolished, leaving but the county and urban councils.

In the "national" connection the decline is greater still. Those who live by the land, directly and indirectly, are 90 per cent. of the population, and they are totally deprived of self-government. Their case is even worse than that. They are governed by their enemies. They have the vote, but they vote against each other for their enemies. This 90 per cent. of the electors have not one man in Parliament. The confiding peasant is literally confiscated by his much acuter cousin in the town, under a scheme of "Protection" deliberately contrived for that purpose. The "protected" list is already large. Almost every product in it is one which the peasant is bound to buy, and there is not a single product to secure him a penny more for anything he has to sell. The Irish

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peasant was very much represented in the Imperial Parliament. His practical disfranchisement is the result of the Dublin Parliament, and his incapacity to protect himself in the new game of "democracy" leads his legislators to the conclusion that he is unfit for self-government. Such is the latest estimate by a Republican member of the Mayo County Council. In the Parliaments they are more careful about confessing their fraud on the plundered peasant. His ignorance has been like a little gold mine for the greedy gunmen who get his vote, but the mine will soon be worked out. There are 150 "derelict" farmsteads in the small district of Dromahaire, County Leitrim, and the big farmers do little better. Eighty per cent. of the cattle that graze the fat ranches this year belong really to the banks, and the bankers agree that the market value of the bigger farms has fallen at least 50 per cent. The disappearance of "Saxon tyranny" has already cost the Free Staters more than £50,000,000 in the market value of their land alone, and the peasant proprietor has begun to ask aloud why national freedom makes him so much poorer.

Just one week after the publication of my last article in THE ENGLISH REVIEW, the adventure of "a loan in London" was dropped, and the Dublin papers announced the Government's decision to go to America instead. Now I wish I could go to New York for a month and head them off from Wall Street. I never did like obtaining money by false pretences, and the solvency of the Free Staters depends on living within their means. They have already thrown away more than £100,000,000 in financing the "Sovereignty" fraud, trying to live up to their inflated notion of a national status which does not exist, never has existed, and never can exist while realities are sacrificed to false pretences. The American investors in the last loan have since then sent over warnings that they expected "something to show for the money," and what there is to show can soon be told. Additional taxation, about £15,000,000, derived from falling productive power, is spent on unproductive appearances, and the statesmen's wives are draped in foreign imports while home manufacture decays and the Dublin Corporation has to make a special and unprecedented provision for 5,000 *able-bodied* paupers.

The Searchlight on Prohibition

By Frank H. Shaw

IN view of the increasing activity of such enthusiasts as desire to make Britain a dry country by Act of Parliament in preference to national good sense, some recent observations made in the United States of America on the progress of Prohibition and the general working of the Volstead Act's famous Eighteenth Amendment may be of interest to such as follow blindly in the wake of fanaticism. I write as one who is dry by conviction of common-sense: as one who realizes fully that indulgence in alcohol is not conducive to betterment, either physical, mental or social; as one who has definitely proved to his own satisfaction and that of others that temperance and even total abstention are worth while. But I also write as one who realizes that human appetites can never successfully be controlled by legal processes carried into effect by paid guardians of morality. The entire history and instinct of free nations are against any such tyranny. True, drink, along with other vices, can be controlled publicly; but although cleared from the public places, it is merely driven into hiding, where its indulgence becomes a defiance, and consequently of greater sporting value than could be the case were freedom permitted.

Within three hours of landing in New York last year, I was offered more alcohol in the way of single drinks and wholesale supplies than I had been offered during the three preceding years in England. The first question put to this anxious inquirer after truth by each and every individual met, whether man or woman, was: "Have you got in touch with a bootlegger yet?" The first greeting, after inevitable compliments, was: "Come on right along and I'll show you where you can get a real drink—none of your synthetic hooch; but the real honest-to-God Mackie!" That first day I was introduced into no fewer than twenty-one "speak-easies," and there was not a single one of them all that was not within stone's-throw of some policeman or other. In the second place I

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visited, the police-lieutenant of the precinct, the officer responsible for the sobriety of his definite district of the great, tumultuous city, was present, lolling over the bar in a state of almost complete intoxication. In each place drink of all kinds and qualities was freely exposed for sale in unlimited quantities. Not all was good—most of it, indeed, was atrocious. For a "highball"—our whisky and soda—reputedly composed of smuggled Scotch whisky, a charge of seventy-five cents, or 3s., was levied; and judged by appearances, the liquor supplied was bona fide barley-bree of the Highlands. But it was nothing of the sort—it was merely commercial alcohol; the ordinary methylated spirits of our spirit stoves; diluted and coloured and flavoured to represent the real thing. True, it was got up in bottles labelled with the insignia of well-known distillers; and to all seeming, seals and capsules were intact; moreover, in some cases, the labels were so creased and damp and salt-scented as to give the impression that the bottles had been immersed in salt-water in the process of smuggling into the country. But it was not Scotch whisky, as analysis proved.

In my first "speak-easy"—illicit bar-room—were assembled maybe thirty men of position—editors, publishers, stockbrokers, bankers, commission-agents and the like. Seventy per cent. were considerably intoxicated—at five o'clock in the evening; and the remainder were doing their utmost to become intoxicated as quickly as it could be done. They did not partake of alcohol for the worth of its social possibilities; as an aid to companionship or business; they drank it down swiftly, without any appreciation of its flavour—perhaps they had a good reason for that!—and ordered a fresh shot before setting an emptied glass on the bar. They had absolutely the same attitude towards alcohol that a boy in a farmer's orchard has towards clandestine apples: get as many as possible disposed of before you're caught!

The majority of these clients had been, before the passing of the Volstead Act, either total abstainers or else men who drank in great moderation but, their liberty of action having been interfered with, they were determined to prove their right to indulgence in a common product. They were defiant; and it is the defiant man

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who goes an extra step over the line of decency simply through enthusiasm to be thought daring by his associates, just as the orchard-robber dares rather to impress his pals than because he wants cheap fruit.

At tables in the room—which was a cellar, entered secretly, and only by such as were personally known to the staff—men were playing pinochle, which is a game demanding much slapping of cards violently on tabletops, and a lot of blustering, profane language. The atmosphere of the “speak-easy” was unspeakably mean—damp, clammy, reeking of sour cement and the lees of indifferent liquor. In pre-Prohibition days these same men would have taken an innocent cocktail in the lounge of one of the smarter hotels, such as the Commodore or the Ritz-Carlton, and been unashamed of the fact. But all here were suggesting defiance and a fear of being found out—which probably added zest to the proceedings.

There was a curtained enclosure where ladies were permitted. And many ladies were there. I mean ladies in the social sense: smart women. Not the idle class, for American womanhood nowadays refuses to be idle; but women of affairs who could command salaries up to two or three thousand pounds per annum. These were drinking freely—hard drinks for the most part, and a good deal more than was good for them. There was a good deal of wildish laughter, and questionable stories were bandied freely—*very* questionable stories. This establishment, typical of the whole twenty-five thousand admitted “speak-easies” in New York alone, would have been condemned as insanitary in London: even in the worst slums. There was nothing attractive about it in the least degree. Sordid is the best description applicable. The attitude of these alcohol-imbibing women—leaders of thought and action—towards the shirt-sleeved bartenders was more than friendly; it was almost sycophantic. Two or three genuine hard-faced “toughs”—denizens of the city’s vast and uncontrolled underworld were present—not viewed with disgust but made objects of flattering regard. An average British middle-class woman of far less social pretensions than these clients would have drawn her skirts aside in fear of contamination.

This, then, was a “speak-easy”: Prohibition’s sub-

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stitute for our open, orderly houses of refreshment! The prices charged for liquor probably put it out of reach of the working man, whom our anti-liquor enthusiasts are so wonderfully anxious to protect and lift up, but the clandestine nature of the supply caused this den—no other word for it—to be a magnet for men and women who possessed big, creative brains, and who devised schemes whereby the working man should secure employment.

To secure admittance to this resort—or any other—it was necessary to open an outer door, enter a lobby, press a bell-push. Presently a grille was opened, and the visitor was subjected to a close scrutiny by one of the establishment's personnel. If this proved satisfactory, the client was admitted through an inner door, ostentatiously sheathed with steel and furnished with a spring lock. The two doors, outer and inner, could never be opened at one and the same time. Once inside, the place was wide open.

"Suppose," I asked my guide, "a man requires a drink and hasn't an introduction to one of these places and can't find anyone to introduce him; what does he do then?"

"Asks the nearest cop," was his reply; "he'll give him a card to some place handy!" A "cop," as our film-trained youth will tell us, is a policeman: a guardian of public morals. There was one outside this "speak-easy's" door as we made our exit; he looked ostentatiously the other way as we emerged and my guide, who had taken six straight "doubles," staggered a little in entering his car. As we passed him, my friend said: "I've left you one there, Mac!" (Every policeman in New York answers to the name of "Mac.")

"That's all right, Chief," said the policeman, and went immediately to collect it.

That night's journals contained reports of the padlocking of twenty-seven "speak-easies" in the Broadway district of New York—padlocking being American for raiding and closing. Having already acquired a smattering of the language, I asked my cicerone: "How come?"

"A sop thrown to the purists," was his reply. "These 'speak-easies' haven't been punctual with their safety-

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money." Which means, in plain English, that the customary bribe payable for non-interference to the local police authorities, had been delayed. So one other result of the Volstead Act in America, apart from its encouraging otherwise temperate folk to drink to excess just out of a spirit of daring, is to increase the corruption of the police force, which has always been more or less corrupt; but is now infinitely more, because of the increased opportunities offering.

Next morning I went to have my shoes cleaned. Though, in an American hotel, the management will provide you with a free daily paper laid at your door, it will not ensure the cleaning of your shoes. Perched up high on one of those luxurious street-corner thrones devoted to the shoe-polishing creed I was ear-witness to a conversation between a client, a working man—actually a truck-driver—and a Greek shoe-black.

"Gee, no, I ain't worryin' nothing about Prohibition," the artisan declared in the usual loud voice necessary to make oneself heard above the surging roar of the city's traffic; "the way things goes now it's easy. I got a razz on last night I ain't shook off nothing to speak of yet; an' I bet this hangover sticks till night. Look at it the way I do. S'pose we'd been free—well, I'd likely have had a schooner o' beer along with the boys an' let it go at that. But it ain't free; so see what I done. One gallon commercial alcohol costs six dollars, see? Dilute that with another gallon water; that's two gallons good, get-there hooch, ain't it? Fifty cents' wuth flavouring essence from any store makes that two gallons anything you like to name—rum, gin, Scotch or brandy. Two gallons pain-killer for six dollars fifty (26s.) an' oh, boy, how it does touch the spot! Makes you rarin' mad, so's you feel like pullin' the foist cop's nose you see!"

This statement, in view of the fact that Prohibition is lessening the alcoholic consumption among the working-classes, is worth analysing. Assuming that out of two gallons of spirit—at least equal in alcoholic content to the under-proof spirit sold in British inns—twelve ordinary spirit bottles can be filled; and that each bottle contains one dozen "doubles," it means that for the sum of 26s., one hundred and forty-four considerable tots of

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liquor can be obtained, which, reduced to detail, means that one double measure costs a trifle over two-pence, as compared with our British one shilling and fourpence. It may be argued that a working man cannot afford to expend an initial sum of 26s., and that if pure commercial alcohol is not sold in quantities of less than one gallon, the working man is consequently below the temptation line. But 26s. is an average day's pay for an American artisan. And there is absolutely nothing to prevent a dozen men combining forces, buying the requisite materials at a cost of something slightly over 2s. apiece, and in return securing twelve double slugs of liquor, enough to render the hardest-headed man raving mad with intoxication.

In this respect, then, Prohibition in America is a joke. A sad, sorry and hypocritical joke, perhaps, but still a joke. A joke that has created a race of defiant drinkers in place of a race of reasonable drinkers; and that has already increased crimes of violence by over four hundred per cent. ! It has, moreover, increased immorality to an extent that no statistics can deal with because it is so secret and yet so frequent and universal as to take away the thoughtful student's breath. For indulgence to an unusual extent in such liquor as is commonly vended in America, makes for immorality—especially among young girls, as I propose to show.

Prohibition — forbiddance ! Having occasion to "throw a party," I took an acquaintance into confidence, not wishing to commit any *gaucheries* against the accepted social code. I was residing in an hotel of unimpeachable respectability; a city resort of visiting bishops and university professors, with a preponderance of grave, extremely business-like women, all of whom pursued some vocation or other, since housekeeping occupied them not. I suggested a seemingly dinner-party with a theatre to follow; but this idea was vetoed. The dinner—yes; a good idea. But first there must be a cocktail party, so that everything would go with the requisite swing. Cocktails meant liquor; the hotel was, so far as I knew, drier than the driest patch in the Sahara.

"That's all right," said my tutor, and got himself to the telephone in my room, spoke a number, talked for two

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minutes. In seven counted minutes a page brought up a parcel—six bottles of gin; the price of the six bottles being ten dollars. That is to say: 6s. 6d. per bottle—in Britain it is 12s. 6d. The promptness of service was astonishing. That liquor was not procured from the hotel but from my friend's own private bootlegger. Maybe it was not gin according to our standards; it was synthetic stuff, but it smelt like gin, it tasted like gin, and it had the intoxicating effect of gin; mixed with cocktail concomitants, it left nothing whatever to be desired. But in a "speak-easy," to buy one single measure of the stuff would have cost seventy-five cents—3s. Which goes to show that Prohibition in America is not in any way making the people sober, but that it is indubitably enriching the retailer. He claims as the excuse for his inordinate profiteering that his expenses in graft are so great that he cannot afford to sell at a smaller price; though the wholesale bootlegger who, presumably, pays exactly as much in bribery, can afford to sell it at a price low enough to warrant any honest man getting comfortably drunk at half the price it would cost in this country.

I was told that I could get as much gin as I wanted—enough to float a battleship, indeed—at the same price. But if I wanted a bottle of genuine Scotch whisky, I must be prepared to pay the equivalent of two pounds ten shillings for it; and when I experimented, I got a bottle which, outwardly, looked for all the world like the real thing, damp-labelled and smelling of salt-water and bilges, to add verisimilitude to the story told that it had been smuggled ashore from a liner, whose engineers ran a profitable sideline in contraband alcohol, which they concealed in the stenchful bilges beneath the engine-room. Of course, it was not genuine Scotch whisky, being as synthetic as my cheaper gin. Indeed, close investigation showed that a neat hole had been drilled in the bottle's bottom, the original contents extracted, commercial, flavoured alcohol substituted, and a neat drop of molten glass applied to fill the trifling aperture.

To revert to my party, given to savants and high-brows of the city of New York, men and women whom it was a sheer delight to meet. The women vied with the men in eagerness to consume alcohol in intoxicating

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quantities, and considered it a matter for praise, first, to discuss previous parties at which they had attained intoxication, secondly, to attempt to beat all previous records. In wet England I have never, even in the slums, seen women drink liquor to the extent those American ladies did. Yet, prior to Prohibition, not one of them had even shown a vicarious interest in alcohol, beyond taking a permissible glass of wine with a meal, or a liqueur afterwards. Similarly with the men: a glass of beer during the forenoon, perhaps, another with lunch; and a trifling amount of wine at dinner made the sum of their indulgence. They didn't know why they drank now, except that drink was forbidden fruit and so enhanced in value.

After dinner, which for the sake of the hotel's reputation was teetotal, without so much as a hip-flask being brought into requisition, fresh cocktails were provided. Then an adjournment to a theatre was suggested, but vetoed. A better substitute was offered—to go to Harlem to a negro cabaret. But nothing of an intoxicating nature was to be purchased at that cabaret; that was plainly understood; however, since liquor helped enjoyment, liquor must be secretly (?) taken to the resort. That meant a fresh telephone application to the obliging bootlegger, who replied as promptly and satisfactorily as before—at exactly the same price.

To Harlem, then, the party adjourned; to the cabaret where full-blooded negroes were masters. I was hesitant, but the matter had long ago been taken out of my hands. I was afraid to let men of colour see refined and cultured white ladies in such an intoxicated condition as were some of my guests. But their menfolk, husbands, fiancés and brothers saw no objection; they seemed rather proud of the fact that these ladies were "regular fellows."

The Harlem cabaret was a riot of maddening jazz. A superlative troupe of coloured dancers gave a most excellent show. Practically every visitor was drunk. Refined women behaved in an abandoned way impossible to describe. The coloured waiters brought gassy mineral waters, charging excessively; but as the price of these soft drinks included the cost of the entertainment, the

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price was not to be grumbled at. Every glass was plentifully laced with gin. The only concession to Prohibition demanded was that the liquor should not be paraded; on getting up to dance, the ladies' cloaks must be drawn over the bottles. Policemen—senior officers—looked on, and were not above accepting any drink that was offered to them. White ladies danced with negroes; white men whose brains controlled public policy and thought danced with coloured women. The blare and drive of the marvellous orchestra would have caused the mummy of Rameses to dance. Restraints went by the board completely. We were invited, at a later hour, by coloured waiters, to remove certain ladies who were in such a thoroughly inebriated condition as to be constituting themselves public nuisances!

Now, no doubt, similar scenes can be witnessed in London, or Glasgow, any evening, at the less reputable restaurants and night clubs; though I doubt if our British pundits would take their wives to low resorts frequented by negroes and associate with them unrestrainedly, permitting their wives to dance with them. But New York was dry—and the daily papers each morning contained sincere assurances that Prohibition was an unqualified success! Successful in breeding a race of hypocrites, yes. Successful in diminishing the consumption of rotgut alcohol and in restoring a nation's self-respect and productivity, no.

One of the greatest tragedies of Prohibition, so far as my experience in America went, is the effect it is having on young manhood and especially on young womanhood. The average middle-class American young girl esteems it an excellent thing to get comprehensively intoxicated on every possible occasion. American fiction, so far from deploring the drunken habits of its youth, seems to applaud them, and flatters youth's vanity to the extent of publishing journals which specialize in what they are pleased to call sophistication: which means an uncanny, indecent sex-knowledge and an ability to carry a skinful of liquor without collapsing unconditionally. We, in a wet country, where drink is obtainable at specified hours, cannot understand the American point of view towards Prohibition. To get drunk is no social offence

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whatsoever. Wives are proud—I have seen!—to say that their husbands are suffering from “hangovers” as a result of a previous night’s debauch. Husbands encourage their wives to get drunk in their company, in their own homes! Young girls are permitted by their parents to go out on these cocktail parties, unchaperoned; and since the entrance of alcohol usually means the exit of restraint, the consequences are better imagined than mentioned.

“Petting-parties” have grown up as a result of Prohibition to a great extent. Boys and girls of eighteen, and even less, are allowed to associate in privacy, with skinfuls of liquor; and the consequences are inevitable. But this aspect of Prohibition is one best glossed over, though the divorce statistics of America are illuminating when cause and effect are studied in correlation.

Prohibition has meant a general lowering in standards, which are explained away as indicating a growth of true democracy. But the man or woman of intellect and purpose does not associate with the underworld simply because of a real desire for friendliness, but because it is the underworld that controls the liquor trade; and that to get drink you must give comradely treatment to its purveyors, otherwise you may be left thirsty! Prohibition has simply canonized the criminal—since evasion of the law is a crime, and bootleggers are men to be cultivated and kotowed to. Instead of decreasing drunkenness, Prohibition has increased it in a most virulent form. Twenty years ago, in discussing the question of British alcoholism—in especial degree Scottish alcoholism—with an eminent doctor from north of the Tweed he said: “It isn’t the quantity of whisky a man drinks, but the quality that makes for ruin. Not a drop of whisky ought to be sold in this country under seven years old.” Seven days is a ripe old age for American bootleg whisky!

Secrecy is not essential for the procurement of alcohol in America, if you know where to go. Certain establishments are wide open—anyone with the money to spend can enter and drink his—or her—fill of any beverage fancy demands. These establishments enjoy police protection in a pronounced degree; and, of course, pay highly for it; but the profits are so enormous that bribery is only a trifle in the general overhead expenses.

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Twenty-five years ago, when my duty took me to American ports regularly once a month, I was seldom witness to outward drunkenness, except, perhaps, among the visiting seafarers, who used to get intoxicated wherever they were, in London, Shanghai, Cape Town or New York. In those days saloons were conducted in a seemly manner, and people entered them as such for convivial companionship, not to get drunk in record time. Furthermore, drunkenness as such was frowned upon as bringing a place into disrepute. Now it is all altered. If you can sell a man liquor at 3s. a glass instead of at sixpence, the drunker he gets, the better your profit. Men are encouraged to inordinate indulgence.

The private householders, instead of placing an order with his wine merchant for a dozen bottles of good wine, now orders a dozen bottles of synthetic gin from his bootlegger; and in place of the orderly dinner-party, with enlivening and enlightening conversation, is a hectic cocktail party, where everyone naturally over-indulges in a liquor that saps away mind and body, to say nothing of the soul.

In my ultra-respectable hotel, frequented, as I have said, by irreproachable clients, I was asked by the management if my party had been a success. I replied that everyone had complimented me excessively. The manager, who had the aspect of a Church dignitary said: "Next time you throw a party, don't trouble to phone for hooch, just tell one of the pages; he'll bring you all you want, at the right price!"

Similar instances could be elaborated *ad infinitum*. So far from Prohibition having decreased drunkenness in America, it has increased it out of all proportion. It has made a very ordinary event—getting a drink—a clandestine adventure, and that is a sure way to appeal to youth as well as to middle-age and old. It has stamped alcohol as forbidden fruit, and in consequence enhanced its value. It has promoted a deplorable habit into a laudable one. It has been an attempt to interfere with the liberty of a people, and that people has shown that it will not be interfered with. It has created a new and reprehensible industry—bootlegging—which is among the first five of the country's most profitable commercial ventures; it has bred up a whole train of criminal associa-

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tions which depend for their very existence on the illicit employment of alcohol. It has done exactly what its advocates claim it has prevented—it has spread the indulgence in alcohol far beyond all reasonable limits. It may have made the working man more sober—though that, my experience proved to me, it has by no means done; but it has inculcated habits of indiscipline and over-indulgence in that very class of humanity which is likely to suffer most from these errors: the brain-using class. Alcohol may exert a deleterious effect on the physical labourer, but he can at least sweat it out of his system by manual work; the brain-worker cannot, and his mentality is being appreciably sapped away. But to my way of thinking, the greatest tragedy of Prohibition in America is its effect on the immediate generation of adolescence, the potential fathers and mothers of to-day and to-morrow. To them intoxication is no vice whatsoever; and one trembles to think what the children—if any are born—will be like! Unless the young men see visions the nation dies! How can a brain muddled by synthetic alcohol see constructive visions when its principal focus is towards the destruction of established law?

The grotesque feature of it all is that in the wine-drinking and non-Prohibition countries drunkenness is everywhere on the wane. Only in "dry" America is it increasing by leaps and bounds, and side by side with it, the terrible crimes of violence of which we in Europe seldom hear.

To forbid a thing is to establish a sense of injury and a craving to indulge in the forbidden. To introduce Prohibition into Britain would be to advance our country materially on the road to destruction. We are an increasingly sober nation; but Prohibition would inevitably make us an increasingly drunken race. Sane, well-controlled freedom is infinitely better than the grotesque farce of Prohibition for any country which has its existence rooted in the common-sense of its people.

“ You Christians ”

By “ Lala Ji ” Brahman

Reported by Lieut.-Colonel M. W. Douglas, C.S.I., C.I.E.

As previously arranged, I camped one Sunday near the village of my old friend Rai Bahadur—a retired Sessions Judge. The “ Lala Ji ” as he was called, was a Brahman, a graduate of an English university, and had been an efficient judge. He was a student of religions, and his subordinates regarded him as a “ holy man.” His friends respected him but were inclined to keep aloof, owing to uncertainty regarding his advanced views. When together in the same station we made it a practice to meet on occasional Sundays for open discussions, the first of which arose from the merits of a local case, and led to our subsequent friendship. A Brahman subordinate had by extortions from the villages misappropriated some £2,000. The police inquiry was carried out with difficulty, as pressure was put on the villagers to suppress evidence. Finally the accused Brahman was fined and sentenced to two years’ rigorous imprisonment. The appeal lay to Lala Ji and it was an open secret that he was the recipient of many letters from fellow-Brahmans imploring his clemency; but he stood firm and merely altered the imprisonment from “ rigorous ” to “ simple.” The judge of the Higher Court was, however, persuaded into believing that the “ distress suffered by a Brahman ” during the trial was adequate punishment and the sentence was reduced to four months’ imprisonment. This decision drew forth scathing criticism from Lala Ji on the inference that Brahmans were entitled to preference in the eye of the law.

On the occasion of this meeting, I found him seated on the ground in an open verandah in the courtyard of his house. On a desk before him lay an open edition of the “ Upanishads ” and among his books was a vernacular copy of the New Testament. He offered me a chair but I removed my shoes and chose to sit on

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a cushion near him. His prevailing expression was one of calm. An ascetic by habit, his religion was his life, and nothing disturbed his abiding gentleness and courtesy of manner. My object was to obtain his final opinion on the future of Christianity. "When did I first become interested in Christianity, Sahib?" he asked. "At Oberammergau, and you will remember I wrote to you from that place and told you how I was moved to tears by those Passion Plays. On my return to India I made a study of the New Testament, passages from which are now read to my grandchildren. That boy Durga Pershad yonder," pointing to a lad reading under the shadow of a bullock cart, "is well acquainted with the parables of Jesus, and their meaning. My conclusions are that, firstly, the record cannot be regarded as history and some passages are admittedly corrupt interpolations, and secondly, we must reject all that is supernatural. Jesus himself never claimed a special birth, nor made himself out to be other than human, though He felt the Divine spirit within him. Such legends are associated with many spiritual teachers of early times, Buddha, for instance. Jesus is the greatest of a series of spiritual revealers, who stand out in history like Himalayan summits, and whose messages have so far been vouchsafed to the children of men. It has been given to these men to draw inspiration from the spiritual world and it is even conceivable that their influences continue in and about us. There would seem to be a chain of sympathetic spirituality linking the one to the other. Jesus had probably never heard of either Buddha or Socrates, yet there is continuity of thought with both of these predecessors. Revelation has continued, but in other forms, and it is conceivable that, when mankind is fit for it, we shall receive some impression of that vague immaterial future. Christianity is in no way specially favoured by God. The revelations of Jesus, Buddha or those contained in our "Upanishads" are from the same spiritual source. There can be only one Divine Spirit. Recently, one of your missionaries quite politely told me I was "a Heathen." In the sense conveyed by him this was untrue. Jesus spoke the language of symbolism, but the

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Western mind does not so easily respond to symbolism as does the Eastern.

Christianity has suffered from materialism. Those words, for instance, "Our Father in Heaven," are generally interpreted to mean that God or Brahm, the Almighty Spirit, is the father, more especially of the Christians, though indeed this was not the thought of Jesus. The term "Father" is apt to be taken literally, and to convey parental care of the individual together with moral qualities of love, justice, mercy, which are to me inconceivable. The universe is controlled by unaltering law and it is incredible that the Almighty should be constantly interfering with the action of his laws by special preferences. Heaven, too, is apparently "a place" to which good Christians are "to go" instead of a condition of spirituality attainable by the Soul in which there can be neither sex, nor material recognition. Jesus himself implied this in the words "neither marry nor give in marriage but *are as the Angels*." I accept, perhaps, the possibility of "spiritual recognition" where there has been "spiritual communion." My brother, Harkishn, and I were always in spiritual contact and our thoughts responded mutually. I might send him a quotation from the "Upanishads," or he to me, a book, actions which we found after to be the result of mutual thoughts. I may hereafter be in touch with Harkishn, but those around me now, children and grandchildren, dear though they be, must pass finally out of my life. It was ordained that I should beget them, but the link is only material. I remember hearing a sermon in one of your London churches in which the preacher said, "In the matter of eschatology the West is centuries behind the East," and I agreed. Later, referring to the possibility of a future for dumb animals, he expressed the hope that one of his dumb friends, a dog, might be with him in "the fields of Paradise." I thought, "My good friend, you are indeed centuries behind us!" The preacher, a scholar and a man of broad vision either consciously or not had conveyed to his hearers the impression of a heavenly place where something of the nature of material life, with social reunions, was to be lived again by the good Christian, perhaps comforting, but

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to me incredible. Then again there is that mythical day of Judgment, and the reward for the good deed, forgetting the saying of that wise Egyptian, "Who seeks the good life for what it offers, seeks not the good life." Man's abiding happiness is not in getting, but in giving. This great principle is insisted on both by Buddha and Jesus. You Christians have not yet realised the meaning of the teaching of Jesus. You have tolerated religious wars, persecutions, burnings at the stake, all "in the name of Jesus!" The conflict is now of churches and creeds. You have yet to escape from sacerdotalism, the control of the priesthood, and their insistence on these human creeds and dogmas, even, I understand, to the use of prayers and incantations towards the spiritualizing of matter. Jesus was no founder of dogmas or maker of creeds. Men did not become His disciples by believing this or that thing, but by faith in, and love for, Him. If He were to return among us, He would not recognise as His disciples those who associate His message with a code of complex doctrines, but rather those who endeavour to live His life in principle, and carry out His work. The future of Christianity rests with your Protestants. I was much attracted by the simple service of your Scottish church, the directness of the prayers adapted to the needs of the day, and a remarkable address on the subject of our discussion, "The Future of Christianity." Such a service seemed to me to be a true expression of the Founder's teaching. Neither priest nor creed can help man on his journey into the unknown in search of the revelation of himself, his Soul; nor can there be surrender of private judgment. The individual must find himself, and by his own efforts. No man can find his Soul for him, and it is 'the life' that counts." Then, touching my arm, the Lala gently said, "Do not think I undervalue the lives of the many saintly priests which Christianity has produced. I merely think your priests are mistaken and are not adjusting themselves to the needs of the age." Crossing his hands and looking before him, he continued, "One life cannot suffice for this realization which must be attained gradually by the discipline of time. Man's objective is to be one with Brahma, to reach infinite perfection.

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This even is our interpretation of the words of Jesus, "I and my Father are one," the equivalent of the Christian conception, that of Mystical communion with the Creator.

As the "Upanishads" say, "Know thou the One, the Soul. It is the bridge leading to the immortal being."

Again, "This Deity, who is manifesting himself in the activities of the Universe, always dwells in the heart of man as the supreme Soul. Those who realise Him through the immediate perception of the heart attain immortality."

Again, "Be lost altogether in Brahma, like an arrow that has completely penetrated its target." A surrender accompanied by devotion, goodness, and love. . . .

Indeed, we must become Brahma and thus realise the highest perfection that there is. . . . Even so, the difference between Brahma and our individual soul is obvious, as is the difference between the silent river and the great ocean into which it flows." After a pause he resumed. "But, Sahib, we are discussing Christianity, not the 'Upanishads,' and I admit these are speculations on conditions in regard to which neither you, nor I," and with a smile, "nor your Priests know anything, charm they you ever so wisely. We look dimly into the glass. When we are fit to know, we shall be told. Buddha refused to consider the question, and said, "It makes neither for things needful to salvation, nor for that which concerns a holy life."

Then, turning to me and speaking with emphasis, "But, Sahib, we make no mistake about the revelation of Jesus. You Christians have yet to fulfil it, containing as it does the most profound truths, coupled with a simplicity to be understood by the little child. Christianity has yet to find itself, and properly interpret the mystical philosophy of that fourth Gospel. When you Christians abandon ceremonies and doctrines which stifle religion under the mark of protection, and put into practice that simple life indicated by the unsurpassable sermon on the Mount and act on those matchless sayings such as 'Do unto others' or 'Render unto

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Cæsar,' believe me, you will attract the greater part of mankind to the banner of the Galilean."

Two well-bred Ravi cows "driven" by a girl of about six with a palm leaf at this moment came lowing into the yard, and made for their calves tied up in the corner, and I realised it was nearing sunset. I bade farewell to my philosophic friend and left with him a copy of the Gospels in chronological and continuous form which I knew he desired.

As I rode to my camp, Lala Ji's views came back to me in the well-known lines:—

"Now He is dead! Far hence He lies
In the lorn Syrian town,
And on His grave with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

In vain men still with hoping new
Regard His death place dumb,
And say the stone is not yet to,
And wait for words to come.

Unduped of fancy, henceforth man
Must labour, must resign
His all too human creeds, and scan
Simply the way divine."

But what of my friend himself? If it be no disqualification to reject the Gospels as history, or to consider the supernatural passages as legend; if it count for aught to accept Jesus as the greatest of spiritual revealers, and His message as eternal truth; if it be a credit even to endeavour to live "the good life" as contemplated by that message, Lala Ji might well be regarded as a Christian. But he himself has a wider vision and possibly would say, "There is neither Jew nor Gentile, Christian nor Hindu. We are all pilgrims on the same quest, the realisation of our Soul, the attainment of infinite perfection, and of Oneness with Brahma."

Clemenceau : "The French Warwick"*

By W. W. C.

WHEN the dust of his numerous controversies—the last and most calamitous of which was the Versailles treaty—has been finally laid, it is not as a statesman or politician, but as a brilliant exponent and enunciator of certain vital phases of the Third Republic that Georges Clemenceau will be best appreciated. He was much more than a ferocious master of polemic; he was a thinker with strikingly original gifts and one must go back many years to surpass the simple directness and tense force of his speaking and writing.

The common conception of Clemenceau as merely an aggressive, bellicose person, delighting in conflict, pachydermatous himself and careless of the pain he inflicted upon others, is grotesquely unlike the real man. The title of "The Tiger" fostered this erroneous tradition. But take even the fiercest and most embittered encounter of his long and noteworthy life and it will be seen that Clemenceau was animated more by an impelling sense of duty than by a natural inclination. He was far more than a destructive force. His reputation for murdering Ministries and overturning Governments represented one of the least scintillating facets in a glowing, many-sided career. There have been statesmen who maintained the privileges of Parliaments against Royal encroachments; Clemenceau it was who in France insisted upon the constitutional rights of the people against an autocratic Parliament. That gave the tincture of popular demagoguery to his record. But, in essentials, "the Tiger" was miscalled. The better and finer name by which he was known was that of the "French Warwick."

Having made up his mind that the Republic had, in 1875, become part of the constitution of France, he set his face against any attempt to forestall its practical realization by premature violence. To his mind the practical victory could only be fully won by the constitutional method of tireless propaganda of Republican principles: by preparing the political world for new ideas, to be carried into effect by a social class new among the ruling elements of the political world.

A revolutionary by heredity, he was a constitu-

* "The Tiger. Georges Clemenceau, 1841-1929." By George Adam. Cape. 10s. 6d.

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tionalist in practice. It was through his constructive genius that he gave of his best to France. It is largely due to his wide vision that France possesses her Colonial Empire to-day. Clemenceau the defender of unpopular causes; the People's Tribune flying in the face of the people's prostituted patriotism; rejected by the democracy he had served; neglected, poverty-stricken and forlorn; old, and unaided, fighting his way by his pen alone to supreme power—these are phases of a great career that are either unknown by the present, or almost forgotten by the past, generation. But they are just the aspects of a commanding personality which this enlightened and illuminating book brings out most strongly. If I were asked which phases of Clemenceau's career are brought into brightest relief in this short history of the Third Republic, I should unhesitatingly reply, Clemenceau as the challenger of Boulanger, the defender of Dreyfus, the political outcast and the philosopher and journalist.

Mr. Adam shows a marvellously clear observation of the life of his period. Details are rendered with precision; a concentrated impression is conveyed in a sentence and a whole episode in a phrase. Thus he trenchantly relates the fearlessness of the disillusioned Radical who, having hoped to obtain the magic of the name of the masquerading adventurer, General Boulanger, for his party and having discovered the fraudulent bluff of it all, went out to give him battle.

The story of Clemenceau's fight for Dreyfus is as absorbing as a novel. As Mr. Adam rightly says, "The martyr of Devil's Island was not built by nature to be a hero," and Clemenceau not only distrusted and despised him but started by believing him guilty.

It is hard to find justification for those who attribute to insincere timidity Clemenceau's early silence with regard to Dreyfus. It was true that any newspaper then espousing the cause of the "traitor" would have made a bad financial speculation. There had never been a moment when Clemenceau was not prepared to expose his life and his livelihood in a cause which he believed to be just. But he had to be convinced.

The real point which first arose with Dreyfus was not whether he was guilty or not but whether he had been improperly convicted. Clemenceau knew that Law often lags behind both morality and justice and not infrequently

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outrages both. When it was made clear to him that the conviction of Dreyfus had been secured by a breach of the Law, on the evidence of documents shown to the judges, but not to the accused or his counsel, then it was that Clemenceau embarked upon the Homeric fight from which he never withdrew until justice had been done and the victim rehabilitated. Not once during those long and strenuous nine years could it be said, "The Tiger his princely puissance doth abate." It is common to hear people remark that a man ought to have the courage of his opinions. They rarely say that he should have the courage to change them. Clemenceau had that courage and defied half France, friends and foes alike, when, changing his opinion as to the guilt of Dreyfus, he took up the cudgels on his behalf.

To turn to Clemenceau the philosopher, Mr. Adam shows that he practised a Stoicism of finer, if not nobler, quality than the ancient and with it supported public care and private misfortune. After the blighting suspicion of Panama contamination had fallen upon him, he went to his old constituents to deliver his defence. It was one of the most memorable and moving speeches that have ever been delivered in the long history of nefarious French politics. Taunted by being in the pay of the British, because he spoke English, Clemenceau went to the humiliating length of revealing the details of his own pecuniary embarrassments. His was such poverty that even the furniture and carpets of his house were being bought on the hire-purchase system and had not yet been paid for; that he had married his daughter without a penny of dowry and that he was still in debt. That was his reply to the charge of having received illicit millions. Clemenceau discovered no gratitude in democracy. The sneer about his English associations was more withering than a curse. He was rejected with contumely from the homely constituency which for years had proclaimed him not merely representative, but saviour and friend.

Thus he went back to the larger constituency of public journalism and authorship. Of his ephemeral, as well as his more abiding, work Mr. Adam gives a very careful and painstaking appreciation. Matthew Arnold once suggested that literature is a criticism of life. If that be true, Clemenceau gave France real literature:

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He was much more than a mere journalist and people were wont to forget how great a writer he really was. He wrote with a nervous vitality, terseness and colour almost unmatched in his time. He commanded the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn." Sometimes it was imaginative writing, imaginative as distinct from the mere dry faculty of reasoning, and then it became creative, because it was an intuition, not a logical analysis. While he nourished a fine contempt for the gawds of politics and society, Clemenceau never tried to persuade people that he possessed any moral or intellectual superiority. That, he believed, was merely one of the infirmities of innovating minds. But, as Mr. Adam remarks, he did possess "in a supreme degree the art of using the daily minor incidents of life as illustrations of a vast philosophy." In criticism he seemed always to act upon the principle that we have a perfect right to condemn in others the faults we frankly condemn in ourselves. He believed with Voltaire that prejudice is the reason of fools, and sometimes also the scruples and hesitations of common humanity seemed to him part of men's cowardice and stupidity. Mr. Adam says of his writings :—

A man of action usually has a secret preference for his more reflective moods and Clemenceau, in whose hands a phrase was a rapier or a sledge-hammer slogan, probably would have preferred to be known not as the "Warwick of the Third Republic," not as one of the most brilliant polemical writers of his time, but as a mellow philosopher pondering upon the mysteries of life and death, the motives of thought and action.

Clemenceau's part in winning the war and in what he believed to be the making of the Peace shows Mr. Adam at his best. The details of those wearying days at Versailles are recorded with the meticulous care of the eye-witness and historian. There is almost a plaintive note of sympathy in the account of Clemenceau persuaded against his will to stand for the Presidency. He found himself the object of so much hostile parliamentary intrigue that he dared not present himself for election and went back to his Vendean village, after fifty years of political life, a soured and disappointed man.

Wide in its sweep, comprehensive in its survey, there is not a chapter in this book that is not poignantly human and vividly alive.

Horace in English

By Vernon Rendall

At the beginning of his "Inquiry into the Present State of Polite Learning" Goldsmith placed the comment, "Tolerabile si ædificia nostra diruerent ædificandi capaces." A Victorian surviving in the twentieth century may equally feel that the neglect of the literary monuments of the past would be endurable, if the newcomers could build themselves. But the old gods go and new freaks arrive whose long-enduring fame is by no means assured. Writers are too proud of the sprigs of their own intelligence to make much use of the past, and speakers quoting Latin find only the *dissecta membra* of their poet in the Press next morning. So Horace the inimitable, the model on whom the whole school of English light verse depends, is no longer quoted, and it is at once a surprise and a pleasure to find a publisher bringing out a book* of the best versions of the Odes with Latin on one side and English on the other, though it still seems to require German intelligence to add an Index of first lines.

Horace has always been loved by the English. Indeed, his independence, his delicacy in human relationships, his moods of Epicureanism and Stoicism, his dislike of show and snobbery and his humorous deprecation are characteristics of the English gentleman. Ruskin, in his fanciful way, found that gentleman completely defined in a single line of the Epistles :

Est animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua fidesque.

Sir William Browne, who founded the prizes for epigrams at Cambridge, directed that his pocket Horace, "worn out with and by me," should be buried with him, and when Mark Pattison was dying, the great Archytas Ode was by his wish read to him again and again. But these are scholars of a past age, and to-day one thinks of the boy who translated *Dulce et decorum*, "Sweetness and decency

* The Odes of Horace in English Verse. Latin text with Translations chosen by H. E. Butler. Bell. 7s. 6d.

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have died out of the land." Still, a left-handed tribute came a while since from the City of London. A solicitor I knew well once gave a friend in English an apt maxim of Horace. The friend replied, "A very sensible fellow; do you think he would come to lunch?"

Up to the end of the nineteenth century, Horace in his original Latin was an English author, a word or two being quoted without hesitation as certain to call up the whole passage. Scraps like *neque semper arcum* and *pede claudio* had thus an admirable brevity beyond English. *Consule Planco* appears everywhere unexplained, from Bulwer Lytton to Stevenson, and Byron in "Don Juan" got the whole passage into his verse:

Non ego hoc ferrem calidus juvena
Consule Planco, Horace said, and so
Say I,

meaning

one most ready to return a blow,
In my hot youth, when George the Third was King.

To-day, Stevenson's title to an essay, "*Rosa quo locorum*" ("A rose whither of places") may seem strange nonsense to readers who do not know the delicious final Ode of the First Book. But these scholars and gentlemen sometimes slipped in their tributes. Lytton and Wordsworth both made the famous fount into Blandusia, and Stevenson, not steadily intimate with Horace, did violence to metre and sense in the bit of the Odes he put on the title-page of "A Footnote to History." Happier was his Colonel in "Prince Otto," who produced a goodly basket adorned with the long necks of bottles and asked gaily, "*Tu spem reducis*—how does it go?" Mr. A. E. W. Mason is almost alone to-day in giving his dilettantes a taste for Horatian quotation. Earlier, Thackeray is the most persistent user of the Odes, his favourite quotation being from the Fortune Ode, III, 29, and the vigorous rendering of it by Dryden, duly printed by Prof. Butler. In "The Newcomes," Clive, suddenly confronted with ruin, fills the glasses with the last of the wine and exclaims to his father:

Goodbye to our fortune and bad luck go with her—I puff the prostitute away—*Si celeres quatit pennas*, you remember what we used to say at Greyfriars—*resigno quæ dedit* . . .

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The passage includes the last Latin words in Dryden's heightened rendering, and the whole of his poem is a paraphrase frankly enlarging the text. Yet this enlargement has given English the only line in all the English versions of Horace which can be called a familiar quotation :

Fate cannot touch me : I have lived to-day.

Sydney Smith with characteristic humour altered this in his " Recipe for a Salad " :—

Serenely full the epicure would say,

Fate cannot harm me—I have dined to-day.

Some of the happiest examples of the Horatian spirit are verses definitely founded in matter and manner on the Odes, such as the ' Spring Reflections ' of Mr. C. L. Graves in the splendidly mendacious " Fifth Book of the Odes " * :—

The rivers no longer are swollen in flood ;

The ploughshare cuts crisp through the loam ;

And our Legions, released from the merciless mud,

Less wistfully long to be home.*

The fact is that the Horatian line is too closely packed with words all significant to be rendered satisfactorily in our looser English tongue. A paraphrase may be best, as Prof. Butler hints. Otherwise, what we get is often a carefully fitted mosaic which seems unnatural, and the English call for rhyme is a severe test. Sometimes with luck the rhyme may come ; sometimes it has plainly to be forced ; the original metres are not happily naturalized ; and a quatrain with the third line unrhymed may be the best way to meet the difficulties. As it is, the diligence of the Professor and the work of a succession of enthusiasts have produced, on the whole, surprisingly good attempts at an almost impossible job. We may remember that Horace's studied felicity† was never again equalled or hardly attempted by native writers of Latin.

The art of translation has certainly advanced since Philip Francis made the standard version for the eighteenth century and incidentally annoyed later scholars by tearing off several pieces from the Odes and calmly

*Q. Horati Flacci Carminum Librum Quintum a R. Kipling et C. Graves Anglice Redditum ed. A. D. Godley. Oxford : Blackwell.

† Curiosa felicitas. Petronius, 118.

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adding them to the "Carmen Seculare." Before his time, Ben Jonson, who slavishly followed the Latin idiom for love with the somewhat culinary "toast a fit liver", is hardly, as is remarked, English to-day. The same may be said of Milton's version of the Pyrrha Ode, which is not adequate, and lacking rhyme, keeps to the Latin words with dog-like fidelity. *Vacuam*, for instance, is not "vacant" and *fidem* is "troth" not "faith." Milton's excessive classicism might have proved a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, but English turned away from it. The difficulty of any full rendering is shown in Cowper's of the last Ode of the First Book:

Boy, I hate their empty shows,
Persian garlands I detest,
Bring not me the late-blown rose,
Lingering after all the rest.

Plainer myrtle pleases me,
Thus outstretched beneath my vine;
Myrtle more becoming thee,
Waiting with thy master's wine.

Simple and charming and *Rosa quo locorum* is admirably given, but how much of the original has slipped away! The full sense is better rendered in a version of 1920,* the first stanza of which runs:

No Persian pomp and trappings, boy, for me,
With bass I want no garlands braided.
Track not belated rose to nook where she
Lurks yet unfaded.

The articles "a" and "the" are both missing, it will be observed, giving an effect of tightness. Gladstone's humourless renderings, grossly overpraised a generation ago, do not appear here and need detain nobody. Conington† was a better scholar with a neat hand and might supply a test for intending translators. If they can get nearer the text and preserve the same regard for English, they should print. Otherwise, they might well leave the world of letters unencumbered with another failure. Above all, they should have a good sense of

* The Odes of Horace. Translated into Latin verse by Lionel L. Shadwell. Oxford: Blackwell.

† The Odes of Horace: the Latin text with Conington's translation. Bell.

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English metres and not, for example, put the lament for Quintilius into galloping anapæsts. What can be done with a phrase like *digito male pertinaci*? Dryden does not get near the "coily clinging finger." The difficulties of the great Regulus Ode have been expounded by Mr. Kipling, who, greatly daring, made a form lesson in school into a short story.* Here it is fairly well done by Lord Lytton, though no one can give in English the fine conclusion of *Lacedemonium Tarentum*. Cleopatra *deliberata morte ferocior* and *privata deduci superbo Non humilis mulier triumpho* defies any English of the same length. Lord Derby made six good lines out of four, but he missed the force of a single word like *privata*, "un-queened." It is a pleasure to find several versions by Butler of Trinity and Harrow, a gracious and humorous scholar with a ready skill in English verse. But widely as the collector has thrown his net, there are other versions as good as those printed. Mr. H. D. Ellis in 1920 improved on Francis's ideas of IV, 11, in the same metre:

Phyllis, I have Alban wine
Vintaged more than summers nine.
In my garden, too, is seen
Parsley for a garland green.
And, that thou mayst shine more fair,
Plenteous ivy for thy hair.
In the house my silver plate
Laughing light doth radiate.
Altar with pure vervain dight
Pascal offering doth invite . . .

The claims of copyright, which makes sad jangling among the sweet-voiced Muses, may have intervened here and there. The careful Horatian grace belonged essentially to Austin Dobson, who, fifty years since, moved easily in the chains of a rondel rendering *Vitas hinuleo*. He has left us, too, a charming address to "Q. H. F.," which ends:

Science proceeds and man stands still;
Our "world" to-day's as good or ill,—
As cultured (nearly),
As yours was, Horace! You alone,
Unmatched, unmet, we have not known.

* 'Regulus' in "A Diversity of Creatures."

The Sons of Gog

By P. S. Nazároff

THE Father of History is entering into his kingdom. Herodotus is no longer regarded as a credulous gossip and eager swallower of old wives' tales. He was in reality a sound observer by no means without a shrewd critical sense and his writings contain valuable touches of contemporary thought which are ignored by the materialistic school of Karl Marx. These explain the invasion by the Scythians of Assyria and Persia by the demand for the spices and silks of the East. Herodotus has no references to the "struggle for markets" or the problems of "commercial relations." He gives us what is more valuable, a vivid and often detailed description of peoples and their doings which has a profound human interest. He supplies facts, and it is our task to interpret them. After all, man is an animal and history is really a branch of biology in its widest sense.

Among all the ancient folk described by Herodotus the most mysterious were the Scythians and their kinsmen the Massagetae. Who were this powerful people who from their home in the grassy plains of southern Russia shook the powerful empires of Assyria and Persia? Why do they so suddenly disappear from the pages of history? I will endeavour to show that they did not disappear, that they were the same people who were the terror of the civilized world of the East and of Europe through the centuries, from the days when the Prophet Ezekiel (Chap. 38) described them as the countless swarms of savage horsemen of Gog and Magog from the "north parts."

The old Persian historians placed the original home of these Scythians, whom they sometimes called also Goths* and Saki or Saci, in that mysterious corner of the globe where the loftiest mountains of the world are knotted into one mass, the Pamirs, Hindu Kush and the

* The name of Goth has been indiscriminately applied to very different peoples. These Asiatic Goths had nothing in common with the Germanic people who played so important a part in the history of Europe.

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Himalayas. This part of Asia was known to the Ancient Greeks, but not to Herodotus, as the Caucasus, whence, according to tradition, there issued the peoples of Europe and India, races which bear the name of Caucasian or Indo-European. These designations are entirely without foundation, for they comprise under one name, Caucasian or Aryan, very different tribes and peoples who have only one feature in common, language.

When the name of Scythians no longer occurs, there appear from time to time in Central Asia more shadowy figures, none knows whence, disappearing again, none knows whither, first one nomadic people, then another, flitting across the stage of the drama. We read of the White Huns or Epthalites, who descended upon the plains of India, of Uigurs, Uichi and others. In these Uichi perhaps, we may recognize the Ouzi of the Byzantine chroniclers, who identified them with the Pechenegs and relate that they and the Kumans spoke the same language as the Turks. This is quite true, for they are all branches of one and the same people. We read of these vague hordes in the writings of the Chinese historians, but these have a special talent for mutilating foreign names and make confusion worse. Then come others who play the same rôle as the Scythians, hordes which poured from the East upon the West, stayed a little time and then disappear once more; they bear strange uncouth names, some of which have left their imprint upon the popular memory; such as Alaus, Avars, and Huns.

Now it commonly occurs in history that an entire people is known under the name of one of its constituent tribes, and we find the old Russian chroniclers writing of Kipchaks, Naimans, Kara Kalpaks, the Goths of Asia, the Kumans, Pechenegs, Polovtsi, of the Huns, Uzbeks, and Mongols. The Kumans are nothing else but the Men of the Sandy Desert, from the word *kum*, which occurs in Kara Kum, the Black Desert, and Kizil Kum, the Red Desert. This tribe became notorious in south-eastern Europe in the tenth and eleventh centuries. They appear in Balkan history in association with the Pechenegs and the Bulgars, with whom they were eventually absorbed. But the name

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survives in several place-names, the most famous of which is Kumanovo; it is also recorded that a large contingent of them settled in Hungary and were absorbed by their kinsmen, the Magyars. The Pechenegs left their name in Pecheneshte, a village in southern Serbia.

It is clear that in the Central Asia of those days nomads appeared out of the steppes and dominated the settled population, sometimes for considerable periods, in Bactria, Sogdiana, Persia and other lands. The Arab conquerors of the seventh century had little difficulty in crushing the settled population of Central Asia, but they did not venture to penetrate into the steppe to the north of the Syr Daria, then known as the Djehun, and Islam there made negligible progress for ages to come. The Mahommedan religion made its final conquest of the Kirghiz of the steppes and of the mountains only in the nineteenth century through the medium of the Kazan Tartars and, strangely enough, thanks to the protection which the Russian Government afforded to Moslem missionaries.

The Arab rulers of Bagdad, who invited the nomads of the steppes as a cavalry guard, bitterly repented the folly of this ill-advised action, so great an influence did their mercenaries exert in the country afterwards. With the fall of the caliphs of Bagdad the nomads of the northern steppes began to play an ever-increasing part in the political life of Central Asia, and finally the whole country lying between the basin of the Syr Daria and of the Amu Daria, known to the Arabs as Maver, Maverranagr and Khorassan, came to be known as the land of the Turks, Turkestan. This is as it should be, for all these nomad cavalry of the steppes, call them what we will, are the same people; their names are mostly but the names of their tribes and clans of one race, the swarming Turki of Central Asia.

They are the nomads who invaded Russia. The dissensions and internecine struggles of the Muscovite princes prepared the ground for the dominion of the barbarians; the squabbling rulers often called them in to help them in their struggle for power, just as did the Byzantine emperors, with the same fatal results. From the date of the submission of Russian territories to the

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nomad hordes the numerous previous designations of these people finally disappear from the pages of history and they all become "Tartars."

These we know. They live to-day in Russia, and there are millions of them. But whither have gone those older hordes who were the scourge of the kings and princes of Muscovy and the steppes from time immemorial? Where could they have disappeared, those numerous and powerful peoples, who had established their own peculiar culture and nomad form of life? Out of what mysterious laboratory of nations somewhere in the depths of Asia had they arisen?

Unfortunately history gives no answer. This branch of human knowledge is still far from being an exact science. It is to-day in the same state that zoology and botany were before Linnæus. It has not even an accurate terminology nor precise method. It is for this reason that at times there appear various peoples under one and the same name, or one people under various names, in various places, at various times. The name "Tartar," for instance, applied by West European learned men to the peoples of Central, Northern and Eastern Asia, takes no account whatever of their origin or of ethnological facts; it is applied indiscriminately to nomad and settled peoples and to peoples of totally different race, as Turki, Mongol and Iranian. It is in no sense a scientific term and ought long since to have been abandoned.

Scarcely better is "Mongolo-Tartar," applied by Russian scientific writers. The "Tartars" of Russia of to-day have nothing in common with the Mongols. For instance, the Kazan Tartars are a tribe of Finnish origin which has accepted Islam and adopted a Turki language; in descent they are in no way different from the remaining population of Central Russia, which consists of Finnish tribes that have accepted Christianity and adopted the Russian language.

The Crimean "Tartars," who are descendants of Greek and Genoese colonists, are more nearly related to the peoples of Western Europe than are the Russians themselves, Mahommedans though they be. The Tartars of the Caucasus, too, are very mixed; most of

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them are Iranians and so related to the Persians, which means of Aryan origin.

The question at once arises, how could these different peoples have succeeded each other in these regions? Whence could they have come and whither could they go, away into the Lethe of History?

Now we know that the centre of the continent of Asia could never have played the part of a volcano that erupted countless streams of human lava, and the arid waterless deserts and naked rocky mountains of Central Asia could never have been the cradle of mankind. For some reason men have thought that the nomads of the steppes of to-day came into the plains only a few centuries ago, and that their first ruler was Djagatai, inheritor of the sceptre of Genghiz Khan in this part of the northern steppes. There is no foundation for such a theory. Very little historical analysis is required to show that the grassy plains of the Old World were from the most ancient times occupied by people of the Turki race, who are now quite correctly separated from the Mongolian, as they differ in race, religion and language.

The wandering Turki tribes who now live in these steppes are to-day known as Kirghiz. Living in the mountains around are a kindred tribe, the Kara, or Black Kirghiz. To the same tribes belong the Kara Kalpaks and Uzbeks of Turkestan, the Soyoti or Soiloti of the Altai, the Tartars of Siberia and other smaller tribes. The Kirghiz are a numerous people. There are nearly three million of them. They are divided into clans and it is instructive to note that many of these clans bear names that crop up in history from very ancient times; such are the Kipchaks, the Naimans, the Kara Kalpaks, Djagalbai and many others, including the Sayaki, whom we may fairly confidently identify with the Saki of Herodotus.

We may assume, therefore, I think, with a very tolerable degree of confidence that the Scythians, the Massagetae of Herodotus, the Kipchaks and the Polovtsi, the Huns and the Tartars and numerous hordes of savage horsemen of the plains of Central Asia were one and the same people, reappearing constantly under differing names on the stage of history, sometimes one

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clan predominating, sometimes another. Whether they made a settled empire in the Mediterranean or in India, they were essentially the same, until heavily diluted by interbreeding, as the modern Turki nomads, who now roam the steppes, inheritors of the same peculiar culture, born of the conditions of their life, which dates from the very dawn of civilization—the people, in fact, Russia and Europe know to-day under the name of Kirghiz, among whom I have spent the greater part of my life.

The first step in the evolution of their peculiar culture was the domestication of the horse, not that of Western Europe, but the *tarpan*, *Equus tarpan*, the wild horse of the steppe, which must not be confused with the wild horse of Mongolia discovered by the great traveller, Przewalcki, about 30 years ago. That is a totally distinct species. This *tarpan*, with its astonishing powers of endurance and resistance to dry cold and power of working without corn, gave them the greatest mobility which armies enjoyed up to the invention of steam. The result was the evolution of the pastoral life, their own culture, and a military development which conquered half the known world.

This horse has been the basis of the culture and strength of all the nomad tribes of Central Asia from the beginning of culture, the common factor of all, regardless of name, from the Scythians of Herodotus to the Kirghiz of to-day. And if we read Herodotus with any knowledge of this people, we may find much in common in their habits and manner of life, and in such fragments of the old language as have come down through Herodotus in the form of names of tribes and, especially, rivers. Many of these last can be interpreted through the spoken language of the Kirghiz of to-day and, indeed, still exist as names of streams in Turkestan.

Herodotus tells us of the carts of the Scythians (IV, 121) in which they used to transport all their belongings. To this day in the eastern portion of the Turgai Province and in Western Siberia you may see in common use among the Kirghiz a primitive form of two-wheeled cart, different in construction from the Russian *telega* and the *arba* of Turkestan. The southern Kirghiz and mountain Saki had, and still have, only camels for

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the transport of heavy baggage. The Russian chroniclers relate how, at the time of the "Tartar" invasion of Kiev, there arose such a din from the creaking of wagons, neighing of horses and grunting of camels that people could not hear themselves speak in the streets.

Herodotus tells us that the eponymous ancestor of the Scythians was called Targitaos. Now this rings like a real Turki word. We commonly come across such names as Turg, Tai, Tura, Turgai, Targo. Uti is the name of one of the Turki tribes and Tartugai is a place-name on the Syr Daria.

Among the various tribes he mentions are the Melanchlainoi: we may surely recognize the Kara Kalpaks, that is, the Black Caps. In the Issedoni, who have left their name in the river Iseti and the lake of the same name, it is not difficult to recognize the contemporary Bashkirs. Their territory lies in the central Urals, the "province of Iseti" of the old Russian maps, as famous for its gold to-day as it was in the days of Herodotus, including the great mining centres of Ekaterinburg and Miass.

Another tribe was called the Arimaspians, which Herodotus tells us, means the One-Eyed People. This word has an Iranian ring, but the meaning is not clear. Yet it suggests the Turki *yarim*, "half"; and recalls *yarim sak*, "One half of something."

Professor Mishchenko considers that the Massagetae, described by Herodotus as a powerful clan of the Scythians, gave their name to the river Miass. I do not agree, for it was to one of the tributaries of the Ural that they gave their name the Massagat. Up to the time of the Pugachev rebellion in the reign of Catherine II, this stream was known as the Djaik or Yaik, and very likely changed its name more than once previously. I venture to suggest that the whole river was originally called the Massagat and left the name in the tributary, as has happened to another large river in Asia, the Oxus, which, in the Middle Ages, was known as the Djeukhun and to-day is called the Amu Daria, the original name of Ak Su, or Oxus, that is, "White water," being retained only for its principal feeder in the Pamirs.

The rivers in Herodotus are very interesting; he

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gives them in Greek dress, naturally, but to those familiar with the Turki languages, the original form may be guessed often with confidence.

As an instance, he calls the Danube the Ister. This name cannot be interpreted by any European root, but the river was well known to the Scythians; I suggest that it may be *issik* or *istik*, meaning "warm," that is, the river which seldom freezes, in distinction to those of their own country, covered with ice every winter.

We have *Issik-su*, *Issik-kul* or *Istyk-su* and *Istyk-Kul* as place-names for rivers and lakes in plenty. The name of the Don, Tanais or Tana-is or Tana-su, is a common name in Kirghiz lands; Tana is a proper name and *su* means "water." It is to be noted that most of the river-names of Scythia given by Herodotus end in *-s*, which is the Turki word *su*, constantly occurring in river-names throughout all Turki lands. The name Araxes is probably Arak-su, "good drinking-water." The name of the Dnieper, Borysthenes (IV, 53) suggests *baratinin-su*, *i.e.* the navigable river, a name entirely consistent with the rôle of this great stream through history as a link between the North and the South. The river Hyrgis (IV, 57) is undoubtedly the Turki Irgiz, the name of several streams in the steppes; there is one running into the Volga below Samara, and another in the Turgai district, falling into Lake Cholkar Iguiz Kara. Although these rivers are not the same as that mentioned by Herodotus, it often happens that in Kirghiz districts different rivers have the same name and change names; in any case it is a pure Turki word.

Of the river Hypanis (IV, 53) Herodotus tells us that wild white horses graze near its source; the word suggests the common name Yaipan or Djaipan.

The cause of the great mass movements of these nomads of Asia is a puzzle. It would be ridiculous to attempt to explain them by principles of economic materialism. There was no economic pressure; the peoples were rich, especially in flocks and herds; their homes were productive; grazing was unlimited, and some tribes, as the Massagetae, had great wealth in gold. The nomad is a part of Nature and subject to the same laws as his herds. When these move, for reasons of their

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own, their masters move with them, very likely against their own desire and wish. Other denizens of the steppes are subject to the same impulses. Most famous are the Sand Grouse, *Syrrhaptes paradoxus*, which every now and then swarm in countless thousands away to the distant lands of the West and often enough reach the coasts of Britain. But it is certainly not want of food that impels them on these wild quests in which all perish.

Neither can we explain nomadic movement by shortage of food for the herds. At the time of hunger, that is in winter, when cattle grow thin and die, the nomad does not think of mass migration. Rather, it is the abundance of food and the excessive multiplication of herds that lead to what we may call the colonizing instinct, a phenomenon to be observed as a regular feature in the life of social insects, such as ants, bees and termites.

Neither can we explain these movements in mass of nomad peoples by the search for new grazing lands, as there is no need at all for such emigration; it would be quite enough to send a few scouts to investigate. Further, in ancient times there was plenty of free land available and so no need to go far away into a different climate and different conditions of life.

These Turki peoples have been little studied by the West; yet they will amply repay all attention given to them. They are a distinctive race numbering many millions; they have an ancient and peculiar civilization of their own; they have exerted in the past an immense influence upon the history of the world, and may yet do so again. We must not forget that they have founded many empires, including the Ottoman and the Mogul. And, too, through the Yakuts of the Lena they are connected by anthropologists with the Redskins of North America.

This interesting people, as they have no literature, are completely without a "historical memory." Not only have they forgotten their own remote past; they do not even recall more recent events, such as their own voluntary union with Russia only two centuries ago; they have forgotten their own rights and the conditions under which they acknowledged the suzerainty of the Russian Emperors at the time of Elizabeth.

The Fairy Reveals Herself

By Rabindranath Tagore

(Translated by Bhabani Bhattacharya)

THE prince has passed out of his teens; marriage proposals come from near and far. A matchmaker says: "O the beauty of the princess of Bahlik! Like a garland of white rose-buds she is." The prince turns away his face and makes no reply.

A royal messenger says: "O the grace of the princess of Gandhar! Full, like a cluster of ripe grapes she is—and as delicate, and as comely."

The prince goes away to the forest under pretence of hunting and takes a long while to return.

A courtier says, "O the figure of the princess of Cambhoj! Her eyebrows are arched like the horizon at dawn; her eyes, soft like dewdrops, filled with light."

The prince turns through the pages of a volume of poems and does not raise his face.

The King queries: "How's this? Let the premier's son be called."

The premier's son comes. The King says, "You are my son's friend; tell me, why is he not inclined to marry?"

The premier's son replies, "Sire, since the day when the prince heard the story about Fairyland, he has vowed to have a fairy bride."

Then the King wants to know all about Fairyland. Pundits are summoned—ripe in age and wisdom. They look through their books and say in dismay, "Nowhere do we find a word about Fairyland."

Merchants are summoned. They say: "We have crossed oceans and travelled from land to land; we have gone to the Spice Islands for pepper and to Malaya for sandal; but nowhere have we heard a talk about Fairyland."

The premier's son is summoned. The King asks: "Who told the prince about Fairyland?"

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The premier's son replies: "A mad wanderer did. Flute in hand, he treks about in the forests. The prince went a-hunting and heard the story from him."

The mad wanderer is summoned. He comes to the royal court and brings with him a handful of wild flowers.

The King asks: "Tell me what you know about Fairyland."

The mad wanderer replies: "It is on the northern limits of thy kingdom; at the foot of mount Chitragiri, by the lake called Kamyaka."

The King asks: "Can a man see fairies there?"

The mad wanderer replies: "Fairies can be seen, but they can never be known. They live in disguise. A man knows a fairy only after she is gone; but I can know a fairy sometimes by the sound of a tune, sometimes by a ray of light."

The King is annoyed and says: "Mad! Stark mad! Take him away."

But the prince hears and is convinced.

Spring flowers jostle one another on tree-twigs; the forest glows. The prince takes out his horse and rides towards Chitragiri. People ask, "Whither goest thou?" But the prince makes no reply.

A mountain torrent gurgles down into a cave and flows out again in a thin, white stream. Near-by, there stands a deserted temple, and the prince makes it his abode.

A month slides by. Leaves of trees take a deeper tint. The woodland is strewn with faded flowers. Then, one night, the prince hears a distant tune in his dream, wakes up, and says to himself: "The tune! I will find my fairy bride to-day."

He jumps on horseback, follows the trail of torrent water, and reaches the Kamyaka lake. There, a girl of the nomads sits by the lotus flowers—her pitcher filled to the brim with water, a *sirish** bloom peering star-like out of her dark hair.

The prince jumps down from horseback and says: "Daughter of Fairyland, wilt thou let me have that *sirish* bloom peering through thy hair?"

Fearless and unblushing, she bends her neck and

* A yellowish white flower noted for its soft tendrils.

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gazes at the prince. On her dark eyes a darker shadow gathers—like cloud upon cloud. She slips away the flower from her hair and says, "It is yours."

The prince asks, "What fairy art thou? Tell me."

Amazement gleams on her face and is followed by a sudden cloud-burst,—a shower of laughter which sounds like music and leaves an echo in the heart. The prince thinks that his dream has come true: her laugh has the ring of his dream-tune!

He mounts his horse and holds out his arm. She takes his arm without fear and without hesitation, and leaps up on horseback. The pitcher is left behind, filled to the brim.

The prince whispers in her ear, "Fairy princess, tell me thy name and cast off thy disguise."

She replies, "My name is Kajari; but we—daughters of nomads—we have no disguise."

They reach the deserted temple and the prince says, "But, darling, I long to see thy fairy face."

Fairy face! A shower of laughter rains down again. The prince is convinced and thinks, "Her laugh has the ring of my dream-tune; she is the fairy of the torrent, and she is mine."

News reaches the King's ears that the prince has married a fairy bride. Horses are sent out to the deserted temple—and elephants—and chariots.

The prince says: "To-day, Kajari, you are going with me to the palace."

But her eyes become wet with tears. She is reminded of her water-pitcher lying for days by the lake side. She is reminded of home; her father and brother had been away for the hunting-season when she left with the prince; have they returned yet? Her mother—she was then bending down on her hand-loom and making her daughter a wedding-present—does she weave on her loom still? Kajari—the daughter of nomads—is filled with thoughts, and says to the prince: "I cannot go with you."

But her voice is lost in the sound of trumpets and horses' hoofs.

When she reaches the palace, the queen looks at her and cries in dismay, "This—what sort of fairy is this?"

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The King's daughter says, "What a shame!" And a lady-in-waiting whispers, "Her dress—just look at the dress the fairy's wearing!"

The prince bids them all to be silent and says, "To our palace the fairy has come in disguise."

Days pass. The prince wakes up on moonlit nights and sits up in bed to see if the fairy has loosened her disguise a little. He sees her dishevelled hair tossed on the pillow. She is like any other woman. The prince sits in silence and thinks, "When, O when will the fairy cast off her disguise?"

The prince is put to shame by relations and friends. He gets a little angry. One morning, Kajari is about to leave her bed when the prince seizes her arm and stiffly says: "I will not leave you to-day till you cast off your disguise and reveal yourself."

Her face does not fill with laughter, but her eyes are full of tears.

The prince asks, "Will you keep on deceiving me always with your disguise, Kajari,—always?"

"No, prince, there will be an end."

"Then let everyone see your fairy face on the next full-moon night."

The full moon climbs up mid-sky. Sounds of music float sleepily on the palace air. The prince comes in, dressed as a bridegroom, garland in hand.

*Kunda** flowers lie strewn over a dove-white bed. A thin streak of moonbeam falls aslant on the floor.

But where is Kajari? The fairy bride,—where?

She is nowhere; she is gone.

The moon has declined in the west; night is flying; the prince's bed-chamber swarms with relations and friends.

Where is the fairy bride,—where?

The prince murmurs: "The fairy reveals herself by flying away. And then it is too late—too late—"

* A tiny white flower with a delicious fragrance.

Dick Whittington

By C. S. Malcolm Brereton

NEVER was such a Lord Mayor's Show as that of last November. Dick Whittington was there, defending the animals, in a little scene all to himself at the back of the second Animal Defence tumbril. There he rested on the grassy edge of a beautifully painted road that stretched away over his shoulder, with his cat beside him and "5 Miles to London" marked clearly on a brown milestone. Bow Bells ring far on a clear day like that.

Dryasdust has done his valuable work even here. The poor scullion-orphan was, in fact, the third son of Sir William Whittington (one of the Gloucestershire Whittingtons), m. 1355 Joan, d. of William Mansel and wid. of Thomas Berkeley of Cubberley—that is, Sir William did; but why go on with this? We are concerned, like the play licensed in 1605, with "The History of Richard Whittington, of his lowe byrth, his great fortune." Not content with knighting the father, Dryasdust, flushed with prerogative, unknights the son; but *we* know that the poor apprentice died Sir Richard Whittington.

But all, poets and professors, unite to tell of his great wealth, "the sunne of marchaundy, that lodestarre and chief-chosen flower." He is the hero of the City. Over its gates, in his honour, it should be written, "Lord, it is Good for us to be Rich." Country boys still drift towards its golden pavements. We may not all invest in a cat, but we can still sell a pup. It was a subtle choice that, of the Animal Defence League. St. Richard, patron saint of Bulls and Bears.

So much is written nowadays of the Romance of Steel and Soap and the Internal Combustion Engine; but there can be no Romance of Industry, only of people. "Millionaires and Kings of Enterprise," Mr. C. Harold Smith's "The Bridge of Life," "Tono Bungay"—these are the Romances. Industry is not a Romance: it is the opposite. Only the millionaire is romantic. He sleeps under the counter, and the romance fades as he

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emerges—save in a few cases like Whittaker Wright's; and his is not a theme for a fairy tale, which must end happily and should end virtuously: it must be a profitable story. Sir Richard Whittington's remains the best, and even his story is a single moment. The poor apprentice, striking north hears the bells thinly pealing—and who could go on with the story now? Thrice Lord Mayor of London—but the bells told you that. Who knows the stages? Yes, he married his master's daughter, but when did he get on to the Board? Did old Sir Somebody the chairman die, or did he give way before the talent of young Richard? There was no Board, you say. Very well, whom did he beat for Sheriff, or how did he get on to the Common Council? Even Dryasdust is better than we are at this. It is because we do not care. Bow Bells were the turning-point in his career; the only point.

The legend shows that there must have been a time when it was romantic to be made a knight for succeeding in business, and even now it would probably appear so in the Five Towns. Perhaps it is Mr. Lloyd George's fault, but there certainly does not seem much in it. Yet where else can honour be won? We now honour V.C.s strictly in retrospect. Almost we say to them, "Yes, considering the badness of the time, you behaved with credit." What should a V.C. do now, for surely he is the modern knight? He must not want to fight, except in the conditional Jingo sense. Men want honour; what is honourable? It is no answer to say that it is nobler to serve in that state of life to which we shall be called. The grey friars of St. Francis were good, and they were admirable; they were not honourable. Indeed, St. Francis renounced honour. But some men want to be friars, and others to be knights. Where is vigour to be exercised?

Yet there *are* hopeful examples in the knights of industry. It is nowhere recorded that Sir William Morris was recalled at a short distance from Oxford by the tones of Great Tom or the chimes of Magdalen or even the bicycle bell of an earlier customer. But his story is perhaps a better romance than Dick Whittington's, which remains an instantaneous photograph. Morris has

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made the roads British, and not by crushing his fellow-workmen. His works are indeed a cheerful place, where the monotony of routine appears to be rather rubbish. Sir Herbert Austin breaks a pretty lance. But we should keep our inquiry general.

As a rule, we must admit that even society finds little romance in the business knight. We differ utterly from America in this: or is it that we make them knights? Somehow a knighthood can only be won on a battlefield: thus, it still looks best on generals, although they only receive the honour at a time when it would be improper for them to be winning it. It still seems more appropriate on Sir Alan Cobham, just as a barony fitted Sir Robert Baden-Powell so well. It is the personal achievement clearly outlined and the national service easily recognized that has made Sir William Morris, as I think, an exceptionally happy recipient of the honour. We cannot get utterly away from history when we are dealing with an historical relic, and as a general rule there seems nothing knightly in passing goods about. A knight should have slept and served almost everywhere, except under and over the counter. There is, of course, a precedent for the kitchen: but it is an old case, and would probably be overruled.

Then are we to say that there is no room for titles, now that war is wrong? If this be true, it may provide another reason beside antiquity to explain why a title to be respectable should be borne by one who has not earned it. It is true that the best modern titles were won about the time of the history of Richard Whittington and in the same way. Norman ancestors belong to the distaff side, the money and the title come from the *nouveaux riches* that were the strength of the Tudors and the death of the Stuarts. But as a title escapes from its origin, the truth gets lost in antiquity; a Norman and martial aura grows about it in a prescriptive glow. So, alas for knighthood, which is never so old but what thousands can remember its creation. Charles II could not make a gentleman: but it is doubtful if he could even make a knight. Like the grass of St. John's, a title must be rolled on the lips for two or three hundred years.

Millionaires, like centenarians, are more anxious to

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tell us how they did it than we are to learn. The sight of them does not send us bundling under the counter for the night; and there is, of course, nothing intrinsically attractive in such a bed. Budding lawyers are told by those already in flower to say to themselves every night, "Now, what have I done to-day to make me Lord Chancellor?" No one wants to be Lord Chancellor as badly as that.

But it was a lovely Lord Mayor's show, and Dick Whittington is a lovely story.

"Pen and paper may not me suffice
Him to describe, so high he was of price."

Turn again : I promise not to talk any more of this traitorous stuff. And perhaps, after all, he was never a knight. Then apologies to Dryasdust, who gives us a sparkling gem in a wagon-load of shot rubbish. And for all the lucubrations of Dryasdust and ourselves, Dick Whittington remains the hero of commerce, the darling of boyhood, the lad who won through.

Ballad

By Rhys Davies

I

ALL those years of their severance Mattie often called to her dead. In the long, warm winter evenings by her kitchen fire she angrily conversed with him, in the lonely summer, too. Her short, round body, that seemed to drop between her plump thighs, her thick face with the complexion of a clear vellum leaf, her curled, fat hands and odour of excessive respectability—no one would have suspected of her a spiritual history. Of course, people in Maydale knew how tragically she had been jilted years ago—how she had waited in her cheap satin and lace at the altar for the bridegroom who never came, who, it was said, took a train to the coast and drowned himself. Weeping, and the recipient of much female sympathy and curiosity, she had gone back home, and the prepared feast was not touched, not a crumb or a thimbleful; and one by one, after exclamations and violent protestations, the guests stole away into the bleak morning. Mattie sat still and after the evening became as someone else, and grey as a tombstone. Even when the news came that her lover's clothes had been found amid the sea's rocks she seemed not to experience either grief or interest. Like a glass bowl in which gentle fish glide in never increasing or decreasing circles, like a bowl of pure crystal water, the evidences that she breathed and had living being showed translucently in her face, and, quietly gliding into her slow, short steps and undisturbed behaviour, lived.

Yet for her the sea did not consume its dead. Constantly, with an ever-increasing vitality, she conversed with him. Only her white, pink-eyed rabbit was her companion in her reveries; when one died, she bought another. For trade she kept a small milliner's business, and, after her mother's death, lived alone behind it, cultivating no one, becoming a tale to be told.

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Sometimes the dead come back. If they do not come back, like the hyacinths in the spring or a flight of birds in the sky, the living only wait for the season of departure and in certainty go, as the hyacinth dies and the birds wheel up again in sorrowful circles to the high sky. In her fiftieth year Mattie had closed the shop one evening and had retired to her cold beef and tea, washed up, and sat in her rocking-chair by the fire, when her dead came back.

She rose and wondered why her heart moved. No one had knocked at the door like that for years, no one. Yet she recalled that long ago, at another door than this, such knocking had sounded. She crouched the other side in fear and darkness, the little white rabbit hopping after her, its agile legs unafraid. . . *Tap, tap, tap-tap, tap.*

"Who is there?" she whispered.

Tap, tap, tap-tap, tap.

The door was thick and forbidding. But it protected her. She did not want to open it; her heart was in a frenzy of fear and despair. There was a marauder the other side of that door. It had got about that she had all her earthly possessions concealed on the premises. She would be hurt, wounded, destroyed. . . . She crouched down, biting her fists, her strength gone from her limbs, and again whispered to the black, forbidding door: "Who is there?"

Yet she knew; and she could not bear that he should tap again. Slowly, fumblingly, shudderingly she pulled back the bolt and turned the key.

He stood against the lamplight and the starry sky; and because death sometimes changes people and gives them a majesty they had not possessed before, he seemed taller, broader, knit with altogether a better strength and subtlety. For a moment they both were silent. Then he spoke:

"I had to come back, Mattie."

His voice was something that fell from the stars.

He waited; but she could not speak.

She thought she was dying. She saw naked, outstretched arms and, beyond, the lands of death.

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"You called to me," he said. "You were always calling."

But she lifted her eyes and moaned :

"Why have you come?"

He repeated :

"You were always calling. . . . You haunted me. It's what some men call remorse, I suppose. . . . But aren't you going to ask me into your house, Mattie?"

They went into the kitchen. The rabbit, frightened of the newcomer, hid hunched in a corner. Mattie sank into her chair and said numbly : "I thought you were dead."

"So I was," said this good-looking, gleaming stranger cheerfully. "I went away——"

"Yes, you went away," said Mattie with awful bitterness.

"I lied so easily to you," he said, "and I was worthless."

"I suspected," she said, "you were a profligate, but——"

"You loved me!" he helped her.

"Yes," she said dully.

She sat in bitterness and would scarcely look at him. And now that he had come back, she was aware of an active hatred for the fact of his existence. Her hatred and her bitterness and her grief became the pure issue of her brooding. Her face was like a death-mask. She submitted to him, to his plans, to the gift of his retribution. Like a bride of the most high gods of vengeance she accompanied him to the belated altar. His kiss turned her dreams to ashes, the touch of his fingers laid desolate the fields of her thinned mind. He turned to her once :

"Why don't you forget? You're in love with death, I think."

She lifted her face, with its numbed, lost look hardened into something sinister and tragic.

II

Why do the dead come back? It is better that they go into the crumbs of earth and neither speak nor exist as they were before. In the day the sun is for the living, and it is for the sleeping that night throws her blue

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mantle over the sun. The dead should remain in their achievement of other things and not treacherously steal forth to interfere with the transactions of the living.

"You were fond of me once, Mattie," the returned lover said pathetically. "Why don't you forgive, and laugh as you used to? That's it—forgive and forget. Forget."

She was not a beautiful woman any more; her sacred spring had been sealed, and not all the retribution in the world would break it. She sat in her little shop, her fingers idly industrious as they fixed a flower here, a piece of ribbon there, mechanically, her mind lapsed into its ashen hate, bitterness and grief. Sometimes she stole out at evening and, beyond the high road of the little town, sought solitude in the burial ground of the ancient church. The crystal moon that sometimes broke the rigidity of that winter's sky often shed its light on her drooping figure. She would return from these excursions her eyes brighter, her face loosened.

"Where have you been, Mattie?"

"To put a few flowers on my mother's grave."

"Ah! To-morrow night we'll go to the cinema."

She went with him. They showed themselves to the town's inhabitants. On a white screen dead shapes of people were projected, who laughed, opened their mouths, touched each other and then withdrew into the desolation from which they had meaninglessly emerged. And when Mattie returned from the cinema, it was as though she had not been.

"Your heart is as cold as winter," he complained.

He tried to warm her. The gathered wheat that stands in shocks on the cut fields had more warmth than Mattie. She seemed to wait for some revelation, sitting, dowdy and shorn of her youth, in her quiet shop. Her lover took to going about the town; he had made money in Canada; and he came home with the smell of whisky upon his coarse moustache, and perhaps a gift of grapes or a box of sweets for Mattie. He tried to urge her to abandon the shop; there was enough money for both of them. She smiled queerly and shook her head.

"The house is like a tomb," he complained.

A customer, one of the old inhabitants, said to her:

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"I wouldn't have married him. Coming back at the fag-end of your life, one might say."

Mattie said, "I have my pride in my own way."

III

Sometimes it is difficult to tell who is living and who is dead. The living can have all the attributes of the dead, and the dead can live with a force that transcends the mechanical force of a beating heart. . . . And is it of any consequence when one thinks of all that has gone before? The pure icy night of death is the contemptuous chorus of the living tragedy; and all about the cold, flaming behaviour of life there laps a dead black sea. Mattie herself was, at times, confused as to her state and the state of her lover. But she knew that one was in shadow and the other in light.

"How can you take pleasure in such silly things, a man of your age?" she demanded of him, meaning drink, cinemas, excursions to the seaside, and detective tales.

Sometimes she wished he would leave her.

She hated him that his knees were so virile, his cheeks so strong, his moustache so crisp, his fingers so lithe. And she could not bear to look in the mirror; she would have all the mirrors in the world shattered. The crescendo of pride was reached when the same woman who had mocked at her before said her lover was known to be familiar with a certain fleshy and golden member of the throng from which Mattie had withdrawn. She felt no resentment, jealousy or rage. She understood in one of her proud and clear moments that her suffering had become sacred, holy, spiritual. There were gods of life and there were gods of death. She served the more eternal; and since he had come back to her, her lover must be bound hand and foot in their service, too. She knew herself as a young bride again, the perfume of the madonna lilies like a cloud about her, and the long, long wait at the altar, when she had died. Night had come and her hair had been loosened, the curtains of the window drawn, the door locked, the candles blown, and she had laid down in her tomb, her heart colder than a

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pebble in the bottom of the sea. How had she broken forth from that night, flung open the doors of her tomb? She did not know. Perhaps she had not come forth, perhaps she had never lifted her head from that night.

He had come back. He had come back, and he knew nothing of her life. He was like a stealthy marauder prowling round and round the circle of her dreams and never stepping beyond the rigid barrier of her pride. He was there in mockery and she could not escape him. She could not escape his shadow treading the outer darkness of her life, and she could not escape his bright image in her rigid heart.

He came into the house smiling his bright, drunken smile. His lips were red and wet as a dewy flower, his face had a laughing, awful beauty. She saw his beauty, and the more she looked at it, the more her blood danced. Her blood danced black and urging like flood-waters at a frail dam. He said, stretching his arms magnificently:

"I'm as hungry as a horse. Got something good for supper?"

"You can have some tinned lobster."

He nodded approvingly. She went out to the little back garden where there was a bed of lettuce, a bed of carrots, peas, and long scarlet-runners; he amused himself with a bit of gardening. Only that day he had been out there, swearing, using the weed-killer. She pulled some lettuces.

IV

She sat, white and doomed, in her quiet shop. Her fingers twisted a gay little posy of forget-me-nots, prim-roses, and pansies, but somehow she had failed to sew it on the hat, which had fallen to the floor. They had taken his body away, but that did not matter. She had seen him die and, of course, none could prevent her being a witness. She had felt watching eyes and she knew they were wide with surprise at her pensive serenity. Did they want her to weep, rave, pitch him out into death with cries of lamentation? Her body was drier than a wisp of straw. That was two days ago. She had slept a lot since. She seemed to be doing nothing else

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but sleep. She wanted to close her eyes now and sink, sink into the wavering grey shadows that, whenever she dropped her lids, rose like presences of peace about her. His body had gone out that morning. She had washed her hands clean now. To-morrow would come, then the funeral, and then another day, and another day, of blessed peace. Ah, she had never felt so peaceful, she would like to go down on her knees and pray. She felt God alone would understand the peace in her heart. He alone. Peace and silence everywhere. Her lover had gone down to the land of the dead, where, dark and silent, he would keep tryst with her. She would not be long in following now. And there, in the kingdom of the dead, they would be shapes of silence and prayer and peace. . . . She dropped the posy of artificial flowers and went on her knees. Gratitude was on her lips when she heard the door of her shop open. The first thing she saw was a shining star on the helmet.

They lifted her and, gently, as though she were a vestal sacrifice, bore her away. Later, the high, staid pride of her face gave her the mien of a triumphant if disordered queen.

Gustav Holst

By Robert H. Hull

THE vivid popularity accorded, within recent years, to certain music of Holst now shows signs of resolving into a more moderate acceptance of his work; and with this prevailing change of attitude comes a welcome opportunity to consider the accuracy or falsity of the earlier judgment. It is particularly noticeable that the qualities for which Holst has lately been extolled are not to be identified with those formerly regarded as among his most permanent assets. In the days when "The Planets" were yet a novelty, it was as an exponent of intricate and subtle rhythm that Holst was widely acclaimed. Familiarity with the visible signs of this rhythmic power has brought the general conviction that the apparatus of rhythm represents the least significant—perhaps the weakest—agent of the composer's equipment. The reflective writing of "The Hymn of Jesus" has been found more enduring than the drums of "Mars." The drums appeared important only so long as the listener was stunned by their noise. A return to sensibility includes a realization of their capacity to induce spiritual nausea.

The dual personality which enables Holst, apparently with equal facility, to evolve crude thought and exalted utterances has proved vexing to his critics. In rightly decrying the less pleasing aspect of his music they tend to misjudge those works which exemplify real talent. There are precedents for this mistake. The composer of "Land of Hope and Glory" has had to combat the reputation which it won for him before securing, as now he has secured, proper appreciation for his finer writings. The same is partly true of Sibelius outside his own country. The final verdict is not much affected by these errors of judgment but they can frustrate, at least temporarily, a fair estimate of the artist's value. So long as they exist, therefore, the influence which they have the power to establish cannot safely be ignored.

An inspection of the official list of Holst's compositions

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impresses the observer not only with the quantity of his writings, but also with the fact that there remains much which is yet unpublished and unperformed. The early works cover a wide range of expressive means. They include several operas, much vocal and chamber music, and the "Cotswolds" Symphony, performed at Bournemouth in 1902. The composer is probably wise in withholding the bulk of this music from publication. Available evidence shows that in musical thought it does not represent an important phase of his career. Holst's concern, between 1895 and 1906, found more practical result in the consolidation of technique, which process has subsequently proved of the greatest service to him. His profound attention to folk-music, as the "Somerset Rhapsody" (1907) clearly shows, was awakened during the early period. This interest has since become so prominent a feature in Holst's work that some comment on its effects may here be admissible.

The present influence of folk-song upon English music merits a discussion to itself. In default of this one would refer to the capital argument stated with admirable logic by Dr. Ernest Walker during the course of some of his incidental writings. This argument suggests primarily that the action of including traditional melody in composition does not alter, either for better or worse, our original judgment of the melody, though our opinion of the composer's worth is affected directly in proportion to the extent of the action. For example, the "Londonderry Air" does not become in essence less beautiful because it is incorporated into Stanford's first "Irish Rhapsody." The fact of its presence there simply means that the Rhapsody contains so much less of original Stanford and the value of the composition as an original work falls accordingly. The same is true of those classical utterances marked by allied procedure. In Holst's opera, "At the Boar's Head" (1924), is observed a particularly acute instance of this tendency to borrow. The opera contains a great deal of traditional melody, but very little melody which is Holst's. Regarded as an original work, its value is consequently small. As a folk-song suite, it compares favourably with others of its kind. This is the penalty which the method brings. There is, however, no injustice

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in the proceeding since a composer, if he would avoid the penalty, can do so by writing his own tunes.

This simple ruling is complicated, however, when a composer chooses to regard as "his own tunes" melodies which are directly imitative in style. Holst's "St. Paul's Suite" (1913), like some of his other music, is characterized by folk-song idiom; and deliberate archaicism of this kind inevitably weakens whatever pretension there may be to original thought. In the "St. Paul's Suite" the work is well and pleasantly done, but it is of small significance as an individual utterance. Such an attitude towards the making of music sometimes leads to miscalculations of effect, amongst which may be counted the inclusion of a broad folk-like melody in the middle of 'Jupiter' ("The Planets"). Even at its best the procedure of writing synthetic folk-tunes is dubious art. The finest achievements of Holst stand apart from his calculated excursions in this direction.

Between 1906 and 1912 Holst was much occupied with the study of Oriental writings and the composition of music in association with that process. The "Eastern" atmosphere in music has so often been the subject of ridiculous treatment that it is peculiarly satisfying to note the thorough scholarship which Holst evinced during his "Sanskrit" period. He made considerable acquaintance with the language, being largely responsible for the authorship of his texts, with the result that he arrived at a sincere understanding of his material. The vein of mysticism, distinctly to be observed in the best of his mature works, can also be traced throughout the compositions of this period. They include, principally, four groups of choral hymns from the "Rig-Veda" (1908-12); the opera "Savitri" (1908) "The Cloud Messenger" (1910) for chorus and orchestra; the Oriental Suite for orchestra, "Beni Mora" (1910); and "Two Eastern Pictures" (1911) for female voices and harp. Certain factors persist throughout these works. They are revealed, for the most part, in an unerring sense of what, technically, is both practicable and fitting; a genuine knowledge of æsthetic effect in vocal and instrumental terms; and a general musicianship which gains immeasurably in force and direction from consistent discipline.

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These qualities, reinforced by a profound acquaintance with Orientalism, give the music of the "Sanskrit" period a significance occasionally overlooked in the face of the later and better-known compositions.

A studied reliance upon irregular rhythm gradually evolved from the care which Holst devoted to accent in the setting of words. The value of this prolonged and exact musical experience was emphasized in the appearance, in 1915, of "The Planets," a suite in seven movements for large orchestra. Considered in their entirety, "The Planets" represent a fine achievement, although it has been insufficiently stressed in criticism how remarkably they vary in musical importance. The first movement, "Mars," is the least creditable. Here we see, at its weakest, Holst's devotion to rhythmic qualities. The rhythm is frankly barbaric and unimaginative. The harmonic usage is of a crudity which not even the title of the movement can be held to excuse. The claims of musical invention appear scarcely to have been considered. This seems all the more amazing when we turn to 'Mercury' and 'Venus.' Both movements are characterized by sure and delicate art. 'Mercury' is a charming Scherzo, ethereal in quality, and of exquisite attraction. A mystical and detached calm prevails throughout 'Venus.' The atmosphere is persistently illusive, yet the movement is among the most beautiful in the whole suite. 'Jupiter' is unfeignedly robust. This factor, together with the central melody earlier referred to, may help to account for its continued popularity. Musically the writing is rather obvious, but, if one excepts a slight tendency towards what is blatant, the work is reasonably healthy in its address.

'Saturn' is probably the strongest and best written of all the movements. It contains much inventive resource, fine melody and interesting harmony, and the composer's less attractive mannerisms are almost wholly absent. 'Uranus' is scarcely less vigorous than Jupiter, and rhythmically it is considerably more vulgar. This lapse is quickly forgotten in 'Neptune,' a movement delicate in reflective writing and elevated in content. Its tranquillity is deeply thoughtful, being associated closely in feeling with the mysticism of 'Venus.' Here

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is to be found the most exalted aspect of Holst's art. 'Jupiter,' 'Uranus' and 'Mars' are certain of immediate popular appeal; but the qualities which ensure this are just those most damaging to substantial chances of permanent worth. 'Mercury,' 'Venus,' 'Saturn,' and 'Neptune' contain the real essence of the suite; and they contain also the real evidence of Holst's just claim to be regarded as a significant composer. It was the latter line of development which led him to the creation of his greatest work, "The Hymn of Jesus" (1917).

Before this achievement Holst's technical address had been sufficiently assured, though there was less positive evidence of a sustained ability for profound thought. "The Hymn of Jesus," written for two choruses and semi-chorus, orchestra, pianoforte, and organ, clearly revealed a depth and worth of controlled experience which place the composition among the foremost of modern choral works. From a technical angle it is evident that Holst is certain of his medium. He displays a remarkable sense of polyphonic writing, contemporary in idiom but classical in its scholarship. Complications of texture prove no hindrance to clearness of result. This is largely the reward of a close adherence to unequivocal statement. We observe here, in an intensified degree, the mystical feeling noticeable in certain works of the "Sanskrit" period and in the best movements from "The Planets." Where the nebulous mood seems most pronounced, it is remarkable that the utterance is most direct. Holst has a strong objection to anything vague or amorphous in music; and his success in producing a remote "atmosphere" in this choral writing is due to a precise calculation of effect. Æsthetically "The Hymn of Jesus" is more convincing in its beauty than almost anything else which he has written. His sincerity of purpose is fortified by a superb realization of his theme; in consequence he does not, at any point in the work, deflect from the established ideal. If all his compositions belonged to this level, Holst would be a very great composer. As it is, "The Hymn of Jesus" entitles him to be regarded as an artist whose excellence, in one direction at least, is beyond all question.

The "First Choral Symphony" (1924) has given rise

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to much controversy as to whether or no the passages of Keats's poetry selected for musical setting have much, or any, affinity one with another. Verbally the defect of the Symphony is that it has to be considered episodically. Unity of structure is not a prominent feature. The error lies in making it a Choral Symphony. Written simply as a Symphony for orchestra it might have had a greater chance to impress. In the present form the poetry is insufficiently realized; orchestrally it has many interesting features. The brilliance of the Scherzo, the triumph of the Finale, and the reflective spirit which dominates the rest of the Symphony, represent severally the genius more closely observed in "The Hymn of Jesus." Mysticism again prevails, but a complete artistic accomplishment is impeded by formal miscalculations. None the less, the Symphony is, musically, of fine substance; and this value of content atones considerably for demonstrated shortcomings in other respects.

It is according to the music of the "Choral Symphony," the finest movements from "The Planets" and, above all, "The Hymn of Jesus" that in final terms Holst is likely to be remembered. The best works of the "Sanskrit" period and some of the operas have earned a place which is barely secondary to these. Holst shows his most permanent qualities in appreciation of the mystical element. His claim to the attention of posterity does not rest, as is often thought, upon his crude and dynamic excursions into rhythmic effect or upon his concern with real and synthetic folk-melody; but with the original tranquil beauties epitomized so remarkably in "The Hymn of Jesus." That work alone merits for Holst a significant place in musical history. The necessity is for him to persist with the values there displayed to the exclusion of minor distractions. His worth as a composer is too pronounced to justify an expense of time and energy upon less than the highest of which he is capable.

Unrest

By J. F. St. B. Barclay

Where Andean giants rear their frowning heads,
And mighty condors skim the frozen sky,
Where th' fierce, untutored Indian rudely treads,
O'er mounds wherein his Inca fathers lie ——

Where soft-eyed llamas strut with mincing gait
And bell-mares lead the doleful, plodding mules
Across the chilly pampas, with their freight
Of sunny fruits from where kind Ceres rules ——

Where silent, turgid Amazonian streams
Cleave the matted jungle's steaming green.
And gaudy parrots, with discordant screams
Wake not this unknown world that sleeps supreme ——

Where mewling apes wrench orchids from strange
trees,
And dodge the poisoned, savage dart that frights
Th' uneasy puma, but 'sturbs not the peace
Of crafty crocodiles and carrion kites ——

Where rakish pirate craft once swept the Main,
And jewelled ruffians from Caribbean Isles
Preyed on the golden galleons of Spain,
And snared proud merchant ships with cunning wiles ——

Where scented breezes softly fan the shores
Of sunny isles in sparkling, Southern seas,
And sweetly-throbbing strains of steel guitars
Silence the moon-lit palms in ecstasies ——

Where Klondike torrents rush from mounts of gold,
And are ice-bound, even as they flow,
While in a silent Hell of awful cold
The prospector plods numbly through the snow ——

Where lawless Bedouins, under flaming skies
Rob the hapless desert ship of all,
And then, at sundown, turn with pious eyes
To Mecca, while in prayer they prostrate fall ——

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There must I go. Nor can my wanderings cease
Till sullen Age has cramped up every limb,
And worn-out sinews bring reluctant peace
To th' roving fire that Age can never dim.

But then, when comes that time, my thoughts shall
turn
From wondrous worlds that I have roamed and known,
And in some alien land my heart will yearn
For one spot yet unfound, unloved—a home.

Then will I pray for strength for one last "trek"
To England—fairest isle, 'bove others blest,
That there a time-worn craft, a fated wreck
In tranquil waters may at last find rest.

The Ended Night

By Aimée Scot

TAKE back your love. I do not give you blame.
Your bitter love that made each hour so sweet.
The lilies droop, a pale enchanted gleam,
The lonely stars are silent on their beat.
Take back your love before the ended night.

Each heavy-scented flower makes its claim
Upon these throbbing moments of despair;
The willow rustles faintly by the stream,
Ah! See, the darkness wavers there and there,
Take back your love before the day is light.

The morning comes like glowing ranks of flame,
The wood is tremulous with eager song,
Low floats the mist, a silver shining dream,
Life buried lies beneath it for how long?
Too soon shall rise the sun in all his might,
Take back your love before the ended Night!

“Says Sergeant Murphy”

By A. P. Garland

THE NEXT LAST WAR.

“I WAS reading,” said Heddle, “that the Americans have published a book called ‘America Conquers Britain.’ It says in it that they have more money, more population, more oil, more aeroplanes——”

“More imagination,” interrupted Sergeant Murphy. “Yes, I’ve read the book and took a note of the date when the omdhaun who wrote it said that America would have conquered the world. All the same you won’t find me this year or next as wan of the British emigrant quota being sthripped and examined for thraces of foot and mouth disease at Ellis Island. America may have a grand future. I don’t know. No more does the fellah that wrote this book. But if she has, it won’t be on account of her size. It’s never happened in histry. And weight doesn’t mean sthrench.”

“If it hadn’t been for the War——” began Heddle.

“That reminds me,” said the Sergeant. “I knew I’d somethin’ to tell you. It’s a dhream I had the other night. The year is nineteen seventy-five. Uncle Sergeant Murphy broadcastin’. A talk on the Great War of wan-nine-seven- wan, wan-nine-seven-four.

“This war, concluded be the Threaty of Bonus Airs, ended in the United States forcin’ Mexico, Centhral and South America to soo for peace. But if they hadn’t told the victhor he’d won, he’d never have known it.

“For three whole years three hundhred millions of people had put their backs into the job of desthroyin’ wan another. Waves of aircraft had bombed to blazes all the cities along the Atlantic and Pacific coasts from North to South, Hollywood, for sintamental reasons, alone bein’ spared. Divil a harbour was left to moor a rowboat in. Oilfields everywhere had been set on fire mineshafts desthroyed and railways cut up.

“The Southern counthries suffered terribly, but that was nothin’ to the cruel effect on the United States with its mothor, chewin’ gum and whisky fachtories knocked to smithereens. All the civilians had had to be conscripted and turned to makin’ fertilisers and to growin’ crops and the divil knows what, because the blockade of the harbours be aircraft had cut off a lot of the imports

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of food and raw materials. And the chemists had to turn from near beer to near butter and the like.

"The result was that the wance mighty export thrade of the United States had dhropped to nothin'.

"Meanwhile Britain and Germany and other counthries in Europe made money hand over fist. And they took the opportunity of payin' off all the loans that America had made to Europe durin' the previous forty years.

"So when the War was over, the United States had no thrade, no money, no nothin', except the Statue of Liberty and the Grand Canyon. And tens of millions of unemployed walked the sthreetes.

"Then began the great sthream of emigration from war-sthricken America to prosperous Europe, and cattle boats, packed with American families, rolled across the Atlantic. But Western Europe soon dhrew the line agen this invasion of foreigners, and Quota Laws were passed regulatin' the number of newcomers allowed to land each year—with a small preference for ex-Nordics.

"Europe was now alive with new view rich fellahs that didn't know which was the handle in a stick of asparagus, but every man wantin' to get into Society.

"So they started to buy up the art threasures that had been for nearly fifty years the pride and glory of America. Hard-faced profiteers, cheque books in their great hands, set off across the Atlantic and tempted the poverty-sthricken American genthry to part with Murillos, Belascos, Rubenses, Chromos and sculptures and what not.

"It was a terrible blow for some of the American pathricians, many of them able to thrace their descent from some of the leadin' bootleggers of the Nineteen-Twenties, to see them lovely objects leave their spirichooal home, and cross the ocean agen. But it had to be done.

"'If this is vichthory,' said the Americans, 'then give us defeat.'

"Wance agen the world was taught the lesson of the futility of War except as regards neuthrals, and every counthry made up its mind there and then that in the next war it would be neuthral. That would mean that with everybody neuthral there could be no war. In this way a period of Peace broke out, and it may be expected to continue until some counthry thinks itself sthrong enough to thry a fall with its neighbour.

"Good night, everybody."

Theatrical Counterpoint

By Horace Shipp

This Way to Paradise. By Campbell Dixon. (Daly's Theatre.)

Nine till Six. By Aimee and Philip Stuart. (Apollo Theatre.)

Charles and Mary. By Joan Temple. (Everyman Theatre.)

"To show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure": the old definition of the purpose of the theatre holds good for much serious drama, as, indeed, it does for work in many forms of artistic expression. Of all the books which may be regarded as documents giving the truth about this age of ours, none has greater claim than Mr. Aldous Huxley's novel, "Point Counter Point." Its theory is that the malady of our age lies with the leaders of thought who have in their various ways stepped away from normal manhood; its method is the creation of a Hogarthian canvas crowded with these errant types, each one superhuman at the point of specialization but falling miserably short of average humanity at others. As a novel, it was at once a portrait of our times and a rather bitter indictment. Faced by that enormous volume, which seemed as complex as life itself when one read it, the idea of dramatization might have appeared ludicrous. Amazingly enough, *This Way to Paradise* conveys and even clarifies the book. The first act threatened to be as confused as the book itself; and that would have been fatal, for what is permissible in a novel in the way of abstract statement and impressionistic atmosphere is inadmissible on the stage. Thenceforward, however, the dramatist followed out one line of the story and created an exceptionally interesting play. There are grave faults, but one marvels that so much of Mr. Huxley's thought-stuff could be woven in with action which promised at times to convert the play into a thriller. Technically one is worried by many loose ends, by the use of the whole of the long first act to introduce a crowd of characters many of whom do not reappear or, if they do, have no meaning in the structure of the play. There are unconvincing passages, too, and unconvincing people. The murder may stand as typical of the first; for, although I confess to very little experience in the art, I imagine that hefty gentlemen such as Everard Webley cannot be entirely disposed of by one hit on the head.

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These strictures apart, however, and regarding the play as the tragedy and the soul's pilgrimage of Spandrell, *This Way to Paradise* provides an evening of distinctly cerebral entertainment, if not of guidance.

Leon M. Lion as Spandrell gives an excellent performance, conveying just those hints of the nobility underlying the thwarted personality of the character. In the fine last scene, when surrounded by his friends he takes his own strange way to Paradise through Beethoven's A. Minor Quartet, he carries conviction in a part that demands the utmost subtlety. Many of the other characters were not very well served by the author. Violet Vanbrugh is somewhat wasted as Lady Tantomount; Joyce Kennedy in her part as Elinor Quarles proves again how well she can act; and D. A. Clarke-Smith as Mark Rampion fulfils his somewhat undramatic task of getting over the theoretics of the piece. The production and a very daring piece of stage-setting in the first act demand recognition in this understanding picture of our complex times.

It might rightly be objected to that picture that it concerns itself only with those sophisticated classes whose existence provides most of the matter for modern novels and drama. If the historian of the future goes to our creative literature for his picture of the period, he will deduce that eighty-five per cent. of the population earned their living by writing or painting, and apparently earned a four-figure income thereby. It would be cruel to cheat posterity of this Utopian vision; but it is well that occasionally we should have something as near the normal majority existence as the authors of *Nine till Six* have provided. It lifts a curtain upon the interior of the business of a West-end *modiste*, and leaves us somewhat devastated by that glimpse of harassed lives and tortured nerves. Nevertheless, we have no study in gloom drama such as the heart of Manchester delights in. There is an amount of real fun, clever satire, pathos that flirts with tragedy, and the kind of courage of ordinary living. There is also an unstressed anti-Marxian tract in the study of the economics of employer and employed. And, be it admitted, there is a good deal of sentimentality and novelettishness.

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We leave the theatre with the conviction of having spent an evening with real people. Louise Hampton stands at the head of an all-women cast as the owner of the establishment, and she provides a study in acting which is unforgettable. Near her, one places Alison Leggatt as the head of the costume department, Marjory Clark's understanding presentation of the young modern as the daughter-worker of the proprietress, and Molly Johnson's charming little shop girl. But almost any mention is invidious, for the piece is remarkably well played and very definitely worth seeing. That one half of the world which does not know how the other half lives has an opportunity of acquiring a deal of knowledge at *Nine till Six*. One criticism: since this play is asserted to be presented by Mrs. C. B. Cochran, the advertising of the other Cochran shows in London inserted into the text is distressingly vulgar.

It is a far cry from either of these pieces to Miss Joan Temple's delightful study of Charles Lamb, his sister and his circle in *Charles and Mary*. Do we get a picture of the times and this literary set whose works in leather-bound Oxford editions on our shelves remind us of our first enthusiasms in literature? If so, how different the types from the portraits of our contemporary intellectuals which Mr. Aldous Huxley has created, how much nearer that human norm whose passing he laments! I suspect that this play has almost everything the matter with it, if we dared to put it under the critical X-rays; but one could not possibly do that, because it has first of all and over all the quality of charm. Moreover, the evening when I saw it was the anniversary of Charles Lamb's birthday, and Peter Ridgeway made a little speech, and Eliana held us enthralled. In the first act I regretted that history forebade Mary to use the family carving knife on all her relatives other than Charles, but after that we lived through the pathetic idyll of Lamb's devotion to his sister, and were very warmed and happy in the conviction that people could be fundamentally and simply good and kind and witty. Joan Temple's acting as Mary was as charming as her whole conception proved to be; and Peter Ridgeway's Charles a dream of whimsicality. I dare say it is all wrong, but I don't care.

Books

THREE CLASSICS.

SIR WALTER SCOTT'S CONGÉ. By the HON. LORD SANDS. Black. 6s.

SOME apology is needed for disinterring the details of a love affair which concerned Scott's private life only. The various pleas put forward by Lord Sands are that, when a man is an immortal, his private life is of legitimate human interest; that Scott left a legacy of character as well as literature nothing of which need be concealed; that his personal experiences may throw some light on his romances; and that his love is an interesting story. Here might have been quoted Scott's own comment:—

What a romance to tell, and I fear it will one day be. And then my three years of dreaming and my two years of waking will be chronicled doubtless. But the dead will feel no pain.

Scott was, needless to say, quite incapable of making such cruel use of his first love as Dickens did when he turned his overblown Maria into the Flora of "Little Dorritt." No secret or little known record is likely to dim his reputation as a man and a husband. But the best reason for this book is that Lord Sands has discovered new light which corrects Lockhart's necessarily guarded account. It is quite likely, as he suggests, that Scott told Lockhart nothing, and the family would not discuss the lady. The letters which might have explained things have mostly disappeared, but Lord Sands is able to use two addressed by Scott to his intimate Erskine (Lord Kinnedder), and these are the only authentic contemporary records on the rupture and Scott's feelings. He is able, in fact, to show that several conclusions hitherto accepted are wrong. He goes into the matter calmly without any sentimental rapture or psychological nonsense. As a suitor, Scott at twenty-five could offer no solid position in the worldly sense. He was loved and admired but he moved in a Bohemian set. He had no powerful connections to urge on his career at the bar, though he had made as good a start as most of his contemporaries. He seems to have deceived himself about his hold on the lady's heart. Her inclinations were not forced by her parents, and there is no discredit to her in the happy marriage she made with Sir William Forbes. He was a most eligible suitor; he remained Scott's friend and proved himself a "high spirited, noble fellow," as Scott says, when the crash came and he secretly paid off a Jew creditor.

Scott's disappointment did not sour him or throw a permanent cloud over his life, as Lord Sands amply shows, if that was necessary. The *Journal* confesses that

nature has given me a kind of buoyancy, I know not what to call it, that mingles even with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours.

There is nothing strange in the poignant return to the old love in the *Journal*. Scott was then an old man, at a time when many are still vigorous, and observant persons with knowledge of

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life know that the old return to early memories which have for many years been latent or even tabooed. How far Scott's romantic attachment influenced his descriptions of love, remains uncertain. For one thing, we have to recall the standard of reticence about love familiar among writers in Scott's day, though derided in the twentieth century. Gentlemen did not slobber over their love affairs either in or out of print, nor did they take the public into their confidence. Scott confided his hopes to several friends, but it is likely that he altered in detail any personal reminiscences in print. There remains much that is obscure about the affair, but Lord Sands has made some important corrections and his conclusions are generally acceptable. V. R.

JANE AUSTEN: A SURVEY. By C. LINKLATER THOMSON. Horace Marshall. 10s. 6d.

OUR definite information about the sources of Jane Austen's inspiration is not much and the author, obviously well equipped for her survey, has with great ingenuity made the most of the available material. Those who do not care for this sort of conjectural research can read the excellent criticisms of the novels in detail, specially interesting as giving a woman's point of view. The debt to Miss Burney and Mrs. Radcliffe is clear, but no other writer can be called a prominent source. Family life, after all, gave Miss Austen abundant opportunities of seeing the men and women she depicted. It is, however, far-fetched to suppose that a lively and sociable college don stood for the absurd Mr. Collins, and the resemblance is suggested only to be modified later, like the shallow charge that the novels ignore the great events of the time. The want of means among the Austens may have led to the emphasis on a decent establishment as a preface to married felicity. But though the depiction of love shows feeling, the ordinary reader is disappointed when its revelation comes to a couple, and instead of their talk he gets a bald paraphrase. Usually Miss Austen makes admirable use of dialogue, as Miss Thomson points out, and in this regard is far ahead of her contemporaries. The advance of her art by experience is plain. Edward Ferrars in "Sense and Sensibility" is far too negative throughout. "Unexceptionable" is a favourite adjective in the books, but usually, people whose conduct or good looks are uncertain, advance or fall back in these respects as the story proceeds. On all the heroines Miss Thomson has much that is acute to proffer, and particularly on Fanny in "Mansfield Park." Had not Emma a spot of silliness derived from her father? The praise of Miss Bates's chatter we once heard developed by Swinburne in ecstatic treble.

For "Miss Brunton" (pp. 44, 259), who has got into the index as "Sarah," read "Mary Brunton." A memoir attached by her husband, Alex. Brunton, to her novel "Discipline" shows that she was a Miss Balfour.

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BALZAC, THE MAN AND THE LOVER. By FRANCIS GRIBBLE. Nash and Grayson. 4s. 1s.

MR. GRIBBLE, having handled several of the Romantics, now devotes his piquant pen to the life of the pioneer of Realism. He makes great play with the recent writings of M. Charles Léger, and especially with a "mysterious work" edited by him, entitled "Balzac mis-à-nu et les Dessous de la Société Romantique d'après les Mémoires inédits d'un contemporain." He also reveals that an uncle of the novelist was guillotined for murder—a fact which he thinks may account for the nephew's morbidity.

Balzac's relations with women and his wild schemes for getting rich quick form the staple of the book, and we hear little of the "Comédie Humaine." But a certain middle-aged Madame de Berny is held to have afforded valuable hints for the precocious "Physiologie du Mariage" and to have suggested a well-known passage in "La Duchesse de Langeais." The latter is also said to have contained a travesty of its author's relations with another married lady, the Marquise de Castries, who, moreover, is reputed to have been consulted and given her approval. A suppressed passage (printed in 1914) in "Le Médecin de Campagne" is supposed also to refer to the latter lady, who was a friend of Sainte Beuve. Mr. Gribble refuses to take quite seriously Balzac's protestations of complete fidelity to Madame de Hanska, whom he ultimately married, and declares that "faith unfaithful kept him falsely true" to two, if not three, women at once. Nothing, he admits, is known of the Maria to whom was dedicated "Eugénie Grandet," by whom the author had a son. The strange courtship and long-delayed marriage with "L'Etrangère" loses nothing in the telling, but one feels that the best influence upon Balzac was that of his early middle-aged Egeria. Two lively chapters narrate the novelist's failure as a dramatist, despite his ingenious schemes for insuring success. His fatuous attempts to play the man of fashion and impossibility as a social figure are held chiefly responsible for his failure to win the Academic chair. The whole story is a tragi-comedy of mingled amorous ambition and literary labour.

THE WAR.

THE LIE ABOUT THE WAR. By DOUGLAS JERROLD. Faber and Faber. 1s.

MR. JERROLD put the gist of his complaints about the recent war books in our January number. Here he adds some effective points. Earlier books by writers in a better position to see the war as a whole are forgotten, and the later ones falsify truth by regarding exceptional cases as normal. The chief ground for objection, however, is that the war is regarded as futile loss

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of life and wasteful folly, as if it had changed nothing, as if it had saved us from nothing.

By the simple device of omitting from the book the relationship of the part to the whole, the writers of these books make every incident and every tragedy seem futile, purposeless and insignificant. This is the ultimate, dastardly lie. Why is it told?

Part of this exaggeration of horrors and personal suffering might be attributed to reaction against the mistakes of the censorship during the war and the soldiers' tone of hectic gaiety then invented by the popular Press. Post-war bitterness, too, with straitened means of living, has led to egocentric views, or in plainer words, to rank selfishness. The writers are in some cases not old enough to be aware of the facts of human nature, either in peace or war. They should learn, as Mr. Jerrold says, that "they are teaching the philosophy of ease in place of the philosophy of effort." They do not see the warfare since the war, or do anything to mitigate it. The indictment is severe, and answered by the sentimentalists with their own strange distortions and lack of logic, mental handicaps which may ruin the country they profess to serve.

HER PRIVATES WE. By PRIVATE
19022. Peter Davies. 7s. 6d.

THIS is really a fine war novel. Never have the conditions of an attack, in which the soldier does not know whither he is going, or finally

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has got to, where his comrades are or how he is to get back, if he ought to get back, been more effectively described. Bourne, the hero, ought to be, from his superior abilities, an officer, but shrinks from promotion and goes about with two other men beneath him in intelligence. He gives the author a chance to develop the best description of the combatants' feelings and reactions that we have read. Both in and away from the front line, the story is admirably veracious. Indeed, we get a large dose of the soldier's foul language which we think unnecessary, though there is more of it, we are told, in another edition.

The author should have been helped by the publisher's Reader to make his narrative more attractive. He does not describe his characters sufficiently, so that many pages have passed before we have a chance to realize the make-up of Bourne. It is only on p. 100 that we find him above the Jew and the boy he goes about with as a reader of Horace. His French and his prowess as a drinker commend him, but his continually reasoning and self-torturing mind puts him below them in such fleeting happiness as the moment can bring. Another point is that the chapters are far too long; there are definite breaks for more of them which would make the book easier to read. But, in spite of these handicaps, it should hold the attention of the serious reader. It is intensely human and subtle in its exposition of the conflicts of character between man and man. The author gauges keenly the merits of commanding officers, sergeants and Tommies. He shows very neatly how the superior culture of Bourne gives him an uneasy prominence among his associates. Those above him like him on the whole, but he is not popular with them because they fail to understand him. In truth, he had no convincing reason for refusing promotion.

THE FORBIDDEN ZONE. By MARY BORDEN. Heinemann. 6s.

These sketches are the author's record of hospital work between 1914 and 1918 with the French army. They were written in the midst of the noise and confusion and are tensely vivid in their vision. But they would be better, if they were simpler in style. When an aeroplane was descending on a town,

Suddenly a scream burst from the throat of the church tower. For an instant the sky seemed to shiver with the stab of the wail of terror rising from the great stone throat.

Later, we learn that there was a siren in the church tower: that is all. The direct transcript of the scenes and cries in the section of a wooden shed which forms the operating room is much more poignant. The story entitled "Rosa," of the man who was to be saved, only to be executed, is very striking, and the differences between the French politeness and elegance of speech and the brief English humour which only said "Stick it!" are well portrayed. Here the author is sure of her ground and does not

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overdo the ornament. The chapter entitled "Moonlight" has too much of this. At the end of it you are to follow a wounded man's escape from this world:

Quick! be quick! in a moment a man's spirit will escape, will be flying through the night, past the pale, beautiful, sentimental face of the moon.

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

POSTSCRIPT TO ADVENTURE. By ASHLEY GIBSON. Dent. 10s. 6d.

MR. GIBSON'S delightful book details his adventures in literary Bohemia, or what was left of it, in 1907, his departure for an African treasure hunt which failed but, incidentally, gave this REVIEW some good pages, his return to London, and his immersion in the war. When he left a safe place in an office which was somehow clerical, he had no definite literary post in mind and his experiences of various papers make excellent reading. He is an observer and hits off many personalities from William de Morgan, the old potter and new novelist, and T.P., keenest of noses for juicy sentiment, to some young people who have since established themselves by their pens. The artists, however, whom he included among his friends and wished to praise before they were "news," seem to us, on the whole, more certain of future repute than the men of letters, though death has taken a large toll of them. The changing panorama has a happy-go-lucky spirit behind it which is attractive. One of the best pictures is that of Edward Thomas, a figure of real physical distinction. The eccentric friend known briefly as "George" may have been brilliant, but the aphorism remembered as his belongs to J. K. S. Mr. Gibson's work as a journalist in Ceylon produced some excellent literature, but he records the view that "it is a soul-deadening affair, the daily office grind in these big cities of the East." Soul-deadening anywhere, we should think, with its devastating "chatter and smatter," a phrase we owe to one of the older lions exhibited in these pages.

Mr. Gibson admits that he *liked* his first six months of trench warfare, and though he is "one of Nature's insubordinates," he will not corroborate the crude comment, "Lions led by asses," for "lots of the asses had the mettle of Derby winners." Later, came the African side of the war and a post at Chinde, of which, as he says, nobody has heard.

We hope he has more travel in prospect, for no one can hit off a character, a scene or an adventure with more brevity and point. The index hints pleasantly the humorous touches of the book.

THE HARDMAN PAPERS. Edited and annotated by S. M. ELLIS. With 12 Illustrations. Constable. £1 1s.

THIS third selection from the Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman, covering the years 1865-1868, is of the same

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lively character as its predecessors and is edited with the same zeal and thoroughness. The Diarist regales his Australian correspondent with the latest political and social gossip; narrates with gusto his own doings as chairman of the Surrey Sessions and his junketings with Shirley Brooks, Parson Bellew and other cronies; retails anecdotes and rather boyish riddles; and tells of his own horticultural triumphs at Norbiton Park and his dispute with a local parson over church bells which annoyed himself and "Mary Anne." We hear much of the Fenians and the agitators for Parliamentary Reform, the rowdyism of London mobs, and get accounts of the Matterhorn disaster of '65 and a visit to the Paris Exhibition of '67. Mill's proceedings as candidate and M.P. are unfavourably criticized; extracts are made from Leslie Stephen's early contributions to the *Pall Mall*; and the sensation made by James Greenwood's contribution to his brother's paper, "A Night in a Casual Ward," is duly emphasized. Hardman gives his friend a full-dress account of a Guildhall banquet which he attended, doing full justice to the turtle and champagne, and records two visits to the Boat Race, lamenting over this period of Cambridge eclipse. Apropos of a police raid on a London cock fight in '65, this sport is defended and contrasted favourably with "more barbarous" sports, such as fox and hare hunting.

Under August 1866 we have Hardman's verdict upon "Poems and Ballads" (First Series) as "three parts the foulest beastliness," though some passages are "first rate," and later an account of a visit to the poet's friend Adah Menken, taken from a letter of Shirley Brooks, which is supplemented by Mr. Ellis. Meredith is frequently mentioned in these "Papers," his friend writing rapturously of "The Shaving of Shagpat," and praising his war-correspondence. Hardman makes some bad shots in politics, and cannot believe in the success of the Suez Canal being "more than temporary." He is very severe on Gladstone's qualities of leadership and withholds confidence from Dizzy till the passing of the Reform Bill. The late Lord Goschen's rapid rise is contrasted with the long apprenticeship of "Pam."

SHERMAN, THE GENIUS OF THE CIVIL WAR. By B. H. LIDDELL HART.
Benn. 21s.

THIS is an admirable book, very well written and specially interesting from two points of view. Sherman was an exceptional man, both in ability and character, and a master of tactics in war, fully explained here with excellent maps. If the conductors of our war had learnt from him, things might have gone differently, and the writer's prominence as an authority makes his criticisms of particular value. The pedantry of West Point could not spoil a man like Sherman, and his keen desire to equip himself with

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information is evident from the beginning, as well as his remarkable self-control and sense of justice. When he cleared out of his career as a banker, he wrote to his wife :

I am going to quit clean handed — not a cent in my pocket. I know this is not modern banking, but better be honest.

Throughout one sees this fine indifference to the standards of the world and a splendid resolve to be fair to others. He never sought popularity; he hated journalists, and it was lucky for him that he had a liaison officer in his brother John to deal with the intrigues and follies of the politicians. He was freely dubbed insane for his views of the war and it was chiefly his alliance with Grant that gave him a proper chance to show what he could do. His mind was clearer than Grant's and his record is more consistent, since Grant proved weak when he took to the politics which his friend refused to touch.

Lee and Johnston were considerable strategists, and the earlier part of the war brought several set-backs to the North. The crushing blow is well given in a letter of Sherman's to his wife :—

I regard my two moves from Atlanta to Savannah, and Savannah to Goldsboro, as great blows as if we had fought a dozen successful battles.

That is the verdict of history which can also admire Sherman's conduct over the

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SAMPSON LOW

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surrender. It seems strange that Lincoln at first did not appreciate the forceful and singularly well-equipped mind that was to win the war. Sherman was, as the author remarks, in some ways like Wolfe, but he lacked Wolfe's priggishness and excessive irritability. No one was readier to appreciate the best qualities of others and condone mistakes. When he spoke out, he had contained himself longer than most men. He was quite indifferent to show and luxury and had that plain gift of easy humour every soldier can understand. Mark Twain was fond of relating the story that after a dinner celebrating the Army of the Potomac he was a guest on the special train which took Sherman away. The general came up and said he must pay his way, and insisted on handing him his coat and military hat. "Now," said he, "whenever the train stops, you go out and represent me and make a speech."

Capt. Liddell Hart has given us a satisfying picture of a man great in his refusals as well as his achievements.

FICTION.

SHEPHERDS IN SACKCLOTH. By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH. Cassell. 7s. 6d.

It is difficult to separate the possibly satirical from the obviously serious in this curiously constructed novel. The tragedy of the lively, innocent girl, fated to suffer intense mental and physical anguish in order, as a village parson suggests, to promote the ultimate success of a wandering evangelist who seduces her, is almost as serious a business as can be imagined. But the elaborately presented quarrels of country clergy among themselves and with their bishop over the questions on which the prayer-book controversy recently turned in and out of Parliament, appear to be mainly intended to satirize what is described as "The London, Brighton and South Coast religion," represented in some well-known churches on the seaside route of the present Southern Railway. Since the days of "Robert Elsmere" no popular novelist has made dogmatic theology the object of such intensive attention. These wranglings of what one hopes to be the imaginary clergy of the genuine Rother Valley district may make some lovers of good fiction rather sadly recall the entertaining rectors and curates of "Shirley."

Apart from the "lovers," the principal characters are a Sussex parson and his wife, whose conversations fill the most agreeable pages, despite his "besetting sin" of anger; an intolerant "great lady" who tries to "run" them in church and parochial affairs; a bed-ridden old woman, and the bishop, who has a fine chance of displaying his powers, and does not neglect it, in a "scene" with the recalcitrant parson over "Reservation."

Whatever other qualities this novel may possess, it is undoubtedly topical.

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PIPING GEORGE. By JAN GORDON. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

MR. GORDON is decidedly unconventional, but he gets right into life like his hero, who goes about the country playing the flute with genius and despising carefully fostered arts and museumized research. Whether Piping George is adapting old tunes or inventing new ones, he has that touch of his own which belongs to the true artist and wins recognition from any audience. He despises cheap and common effects and loves the liberty of the vagabond. He is plotting against that liberty when he adopts a small child holiday-making in the slums, and teaches her to play the flute. The two agree admirably but the time comes when he must give her a better chance of living than vagabondage. There are many complications for him, since he stole the girl away when she had a brute of an aunt, and his return to town life means making up with the wife he had deserted.

In fact, George was a thorough rascal from the ordinary moral point of view and a drunkard, too, at intervals. Still Mr. Gordon has made him quite an attractive figure and puts his case strongly, the case of the artist at odds with the world. Though George has no gift for writing, he talks admirably and has picked up more pertinent literature for his pleas than one might expect. The book has the charm of free adventure and shows frank insight into the ways of human beings. The irony of the end is well conceived.

POLITICS.

THE ENDLESS ADVENTURE. By F. S. OLIVER. Macmillan. 15s.

THE author of "Ordeal by Battle" has written another remarkable book, or part of a book, since this is but the first of three volumes. Its theme is the art of politics as practised in England in the reigns of the first two Georges. Mr. Oliver disclaims any moral object either historical or biographical, he "only aims at understanding how politicians have used idols and ideals in order to gain power, to keep it, and to govern." The present volume, which has eight handsome portraits extends to the death of George I. It is divided into four Books, the second a preliminary survey from the revolution to the death of Anne, while the third deals with the ministries of Stanhope and Sunderland, and the last with the early years of the premiership of Walpole, who is regarded as the ideal politician. The vigour and freshness of the treatment of a rather dull period, and especially of its complicated foreign policy, are astonishing and must be appreciated by every reader, even though he has not, like the present reviewer, had occasion to study it minutely, both as history and biography.

But Book I, 'Introductory Essay on Politics and Politicians,' will appeal to an even wider circle. Apart from a masterly

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analysis and classification of the authorities on the Walpole period, based on comparison with various types of witnesses observed in the law courts, it contains piquant dissertations on the relations between politics and morals; on the "Idols and Ideals" which politicians must take account of (some of which, here cited, although apparently contradictory, "may be believed in quite honestly by the same man at one and the same time"); an acute examination of the career of Lenin, who is held to have been remarkably successful in the first two stages of politics, those of gaining and keeping power, but to have failed signally in the third, that of governing men. Finally, after some wise reflections on the importance of continuity and custom (the neglect of which by leaders has led to the failure of so many revolutions), the author winds up with a score of pages "In Praise of Politicians," whom he defends vigorously against their numerous enemies, maintaining that a nation, "Where none was for a party, But all were for the State" "would be no more, upon the most favourable computation, than an impotent babel of virtuous voices." Whilst accepting what appears to be Mr. Oliver's own political ideal, enlightened opportunism, one rather regrets his refusal to make a distinction between the politician and the statesman.

G. LE G. N.

BRITAIN AND THE BALTIC. By E. W. POLSON NEWMAN. With 5 maps. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

OUR readers know the quality of the author's writing. There is nothing sensational or lurid about it. He gives a reasoned view depending on his personal observation and inquiry. He has been recently in Poland, Danzig and Gdynia, the little-known port of Tallinn, as well as Berlin, and asks for a return to practical politics as opposed to the views of theorizing professors and pacifist idealizers. He found Vilna evidently a Polish city with that language predominant, but commercially and economically decayed. The Polish attitude, however, was pacific. The Estonians have made considerable advance since the war in industry, government and education and have resisted Bolshevist intrigue. Among the Finns "there has been no unemployment for many years, there is little illiteracy, and the cities have no slums." The whole nation is permeated with a self-sacrificing patriotism. These States are thus advancing to a solid position and deserve every support against the rise of Russo-German hegemony in the Baltic. The Versailles *status quo* and the League have been largely futile. The author's general conclusion is:—

Although an Anglo-German *rapprochement* is by no means capable of early attainment, a policy directed towards this end would do much to improve things all round.

Later, France reassured might come in, too, and the three great nations work together. Mr. Polson Newman believes chiefly in

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Locarno as supplying tangible guarantees and prints the Final Protocol of the Locarno Conference, 1925, in an Appendix. The book is important for its study of realities on the spot.

ITALIAN ART AND THE RENAISSANCE.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ITALIAN PAINTING. By SIR CHARLES HOLMES. Cassell, 10s. 6d.

SANDRO BOTTICELLI. By YUKIO YASHIRO. Medici Society. £2 10s.

THESE two books stand at the two extremes of method in their approach to Italian art: the one endeavouring in about 150 pages to cover the whole subject, the other with much greater space at its disposal dealing almost exhaustively with the output of one master. Again, Sir Charles Holmes necessarily limits his task to a recapitulation of the objective facts, while Prof. Yashiro allows himself the luxury of subjective interpretation. Since both are authorities on their subject, this handicap bears rather heavily upon the English writer, and we find ourselves wishing that he had provided a book which would have given better scope for his erudition than this one with its concern for the popular mind and the popular purse.

The chief difficulties of the *multum in parvo* method are those of avoiding a mere catalogue of names and works, of keeping a true balance of values between different men and schools, and of relating them to each other in some system which leaves a clear idea of the whole matter in the reader's mind. Sir Charles has solved the first and second of these by a scheme of dealing with the outstanding figures in the body of the text and relegating the lesser men to smaller type footnotes to his pages. Occasionally one disagrees with his relegations, as when, for instance, almost the whole of the Sienese painters after the Lorenzetti are thus sent to the bottom of the page. The author's contention would probably be that it was really only the men of the direct line to the high Renaissance who counted; and so he tends to concentrate upon the artistic activities of the Florentines and those who came into the Florentine influence, and later upon the Venetians. Pro-Umbrians, pro-Sienese, pro-Milanese, Ferrarese and the rest will probably quarrel with this simplification, but it has to be remembered that brevity allows neither for "however" nor "nevertheless."

The other point upon which one would join issue even with an authority of the weight of the Ex-Director of the National Gallery is in his derivation of this art from Byzantine sources on the one hand and classical sculptural sources (*via* the Roman school) on the other. Surely the linear school of the manuscript illuminators made an important contribution, and such artists as Cavallini derived from them even more than from the lost plastic tradition. These quarrels of theorists apart, however,

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the book will prove a real introduction to many who are in need of easy guidance. There is an excellent study of the technical methods and their evolution, and a happy preparatory chapter, "How to study Italian Painting." The publishers have not been wise in depending upon gumming-in as a means of securing the plates, but one realizes that this has been done to bring them *vis-à-vis* the apposite text. They are representative and very well chosen for the purpose of this book.

Professor Yashiro's book is a comparatively cheap reprint of the great edition published in 1925. It is one of the classics upon Botticelli, and even those who would quarrel with its occasional rhapsodies cannot disregard its careful research and scholarship. To some extent the methods and æsthetic ideals of Botticelli are those of Japanese art, and a Japanese student may well be entrusted with the task of interpretation. The word "interpretation" is the hidden rock threatening straight-sailing objective fact with wreck upon individual idiosyncrasies. But Botticelli himself was a profoundly subjective artist and must needs be interpreted. Whether we accept Prof. Yashiro as our guide to such matters as *The Realistic*, *The Sensuous*, *The Sentimental*, and *The Mystic Botticelli*, headings which constitute the four great sections of this book, becomes again a matter for choice. My personal objection is to the author's unnecessary bickering with those who dared to criticize his first edition, and his ceaseless vendetta with Herbert Horne, to whom he had evidently been odiously compared by Roger Fry. These things are an amusing but real blemish on an otherwise fascinating book.

The illustrations are an important feature. Sixteen in colour and 170 in monochrome place the whole Botticelli canon in our hands, and some of the detail plates are revelations of beauty.

H. S.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY. By JACOB BURCKHARDT. Translated by S. G. C. MIDDLEMORE. Harrap. £2 2s.

WITH the Italian Exhibition, England has become aware as never before of its enormous debt of culture to Italy. In art itself we have always subconsciously or consciously paid tribute to the Italians, but acquaintance with such a book as this classic by Dr. Jacob Burckhardt proves how much deeper the debt goes. The history of the civilization of the Renaissance in Italy is the history of the beginnings of the culture which holds good in the Western world to-day; and the opportune publication of this volume will help us to see the Italian pictures in their relationship not only to the vivid life of their own time, but to the life of all Europe since.

In Germany this book has had many editions, and even in England we have had editions before. This fine translation by Mr. Middlemore scores by the fact that it is the first illustrated

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English version, and his 243 illustrations carefully chosen from the pictures by the old masters, from contemporary woodcuts and other illustrations, from drawings, sketch-maps, medals, sculpture, and modern photographs of buildings, add enormously to our understanding of the wide subject. The State, the Individual, the Revival of Antiquity, Social Manners, Religion and Morality, and the Discovery of the World and of Man, form the six great sections of the book. The art is treated incidentally as illustrating these facets of Renaissance life, as in truth it did.

Dr. Burckhardt's book is a piece of great scholarship, and we are grateful to the publishers who have put this magnificent edition to our hands at a time when many are needing insight into the civilization which produced the Italian pictures.

POETRY.

THE TESTAMENT OF BEAUTY. By ROBERT BRIDGES. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

THE publication of this poem, longer by far than the average novel, reminds us that a year or so since certain of the more captious spirits in Fleet Street, moved by their passionate love for the highest things in English literature, indulged in a campaign against the Poet Laureate because he was not writing. The great body of work which he already had to his credit and the studies of language and of spelling which have occupied his later years might have been regarded as sufficient justification for his title to the Laureateship, but this poem is a superlative response to his detractors.

It has been compared to Wordsworth's "Excursion" in its quality of abstract philosophizing, and its effort to state simply a synthetic philosophy deduced from all the knowledge and feelings which are the heritage of contemporary man. Dr. Bridges, removed a little apart from the stress and rush of modern life, yet reveals himself as a keen observer of that life. There is so much in it that is contrary and puzzling, such clashes of sense and spirit, such warring-loyalties; but out of them he has discerned the faint pattern of a meaning in beauty, poised between freedom and law. At moments the statement seems so simple as to be almost banal; at others there is a conscious beauty in the language and an involution in the thought which make the "Testament" no reading for slipshod minds. Dr. Bridges's poem has stepped straight into the ranks of the classics of the language.

H. S.

GENERAL.

ENIGMAS. By LIEUT.-COMMANDER RUPERT T. GOULD. Philip Allan. 12s. 6d.

IN reviewing Lieut.-Commander Gould's "Oddities" we ventured to hope that he would continue for the world of readers his researches in the "odd." We therefore welcome "Enigmas,"

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which shows the same qualities of patient investigation, humour, and critical judgment that marked its predecessor out from the common run of books of this type. He begins with the giants of the past, including the 25-ft. skeleton of Teutobochtus, King of the Cimbri, discovered by a French surgeon in 1613, over whose remains a long battle was waged by the learned. Unfortunately, Teutobochtus turned out to be a mastodon, and his bones, labelled with a suitable epitaph, now rest in a Paris museum. Among other colossi dealt with are the Patagonian giants vouched for by travellers. Of these nothing has been heard of recent years, but, as the author points out, they may still exist somewhere in the unexplored areas of southern Patagonia.

The problem of the "Vocal Memnon," one of the pair of 50-ft. monolithic statues that stand facing the Niles at Thebes, is next considered. Erected in 1500 B.C., Memnon (or more correctly Amenophis the Third) was silent until 20 B.C., when Strabo heard him utter his famous cry at dawn. Thereafter he remained vocal for two centuries, and then relapsed into his original taciturnity. This is puzzling, like the organ-like notes heard (also, oddly enough, at sunrise) on the Orinoco, which Humboldt attributed to the expansion of air occluded in the crevices of the rock. A possible explanation (not, we believe, hitherto advanced) is that they were due to the Bell-Bird's call. This curious, gong-like note, which the present reviewer has heard in the forests of British Guiana, is quite unlike the cry of any other bird; and several of them, uttering their metallic call together, may well have been responsible for the mysterious sounds.

Critics have already tackled Old Parr (young enough at the age of 100 to have to do penance for incontinence, even if he did not live to his reputed age of 152) and other entrants for the longevity stakes. We gather that Commander Gould agrees in general with the Irishman who remarked (about Zaro Agha, who recently claimed to be 150 years old) that "a man who was really as old as that might easily be the victim of his own imagination." A chapter is given to the apocryphal Strait of Anian which for nearly 300 years was supposed to unite Hudson Bay with the Pacific Ocean. The claimants to the discovery of this convenient, ice-free passage across North America seem to have had a good deal in common with one James Petiver, who in the seventeenth century published his "Voyage to the Levant," "without first going through the formality of making one."

The 'Last of the Alchemists' contains some curious facts not generally accessible, and the book concludes with the Canals of Mars. Here, as throughout, Commander Gould shows that he can disentangle the relevant from the irrelevant and form a balanced opinion on the evidence; and, as we have already noted, he possesses that quality often lacking in the scientist, an alert sense of humour.